

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XLIX.

No. 3457 October 8, 1910

FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXVII.

## CONTENTS

I.	Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. By K. L. Montgomery	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	67
II.	From the Outposts. The English Mail. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE		77
III.	The Severinus, Chapter XI. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (To be continued)	TIMES	82
IV.	Divine Element in Literature. By Dr. William Barry	BOOKMAN	90
V.	Sedan, and the Human Aspect of War. A Recollection By Bernard C. Molloy, Formerly Captain in the French Army	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	93
VI.	Monsieur Felicite. By Hugh Walpole	ENGLISH REVIEW	100
VII.	Children in English Poetry.	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	108
VIII.	Recent Earthquake Investigations. By John Milne	NATURE	111
IX.	Do I Sleep? Do I Dream? By Zigzag	PUNCH	113
X.	Turner.	TIMES	114
XI.	Second Prizes.	SPECTATOR	117
XII.	The Stone-Dwellers.	NATION	120
XIII.	Dante and His Forerunners.	ATHENÆUM	122
A PAGE OF VERSE			
XIV.	Pan. By J. S. Phillimore	NATION	66
XV.	Waste. By R. E. Black	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	66
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		125



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BRACON STREET, BOSTON

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## PAN.

(AFTER THE RUSSIAN OF MAIKOV.)

He sleeps, he slumbers—  
The great Pan sleeps!  
The glare of noon  
Engrossing him cumbers  
The great god's brain.  
There breathe from heaps  
Of ripely sunn'd grasses  
Spells which solicit  
Again and again,  
Till drowsiness passes  
Withstanding. He slumbers:  
Profuse dreams visit  
His deep-tranced swoon.

The roe-deer, panting,  
Lies couched in the brake:  
Her eye scarce peeps.  
Of flock and of herd  
The least sounds fall.  
On the sward lies the snake,  
Not stirring a scale.  
In the wood, no bird  
But ceases descanting:  
The tree-top numbers  
Are mute—No word!  
He sleeps, he slumbers—  
The great Pan sleeps!

With sultry hum  
Of beetles and bees,  
Near to him dangles  
A come-go-and-come  
Of orbits and spangles;  
A shimmering swarm.  
And aloft o'er these  
A fugue of sunn'd pigeons,  
Cross-cruising, white-bladed,  
They glide, they glance,  
Ravelling, unravelling,  
In rapid manœuvre. . . .  
Below, Pan sleeps.  
Still higher, brigaded  
In sharp wedge-form,  
What host has invaded—  
What white host sweeps  
Yon aeriest regions?  
The cranes advance!  
The cranes, far-travelling,  
Advance and pass over!

In the supreme temple,  
Whose blue vell man  
Sees not nor sunders,  
The watchers assemble  
To guard his sleep.  
Half heard they keep

Watch over the deep  
Slumber of Pan;  
And he dreams wonders. . . .  
To his dreams it seems  
He scans unbind'red  
Where Olympus discloses  
His heaven-born kindred.  
The god's mount glisters,  
And down sky-steeps  
Goddesses his sisters  
Scatter like roses  
Sweet dreams past number—  
Handful of dreams  
For the great god's slumbers,  
The sleep Pan sleeps.

Tread tiptoe, Child,  
And break not his rest!  
Nay, stir not, but rather  
Sit here in a nest  
Where tall weeds darken  
And deep grass wreathes;  
Sit quiet and hearken—  
His sleep, how mild!  
How softly he breathes!

And so from aloft,  
From the most high heaven,  
So meek, so soft,  
The dreams shall gather.  
And o'er us creep,—  
The sorrow-benumpers,  
The healers of man,  
The dreams that leaven  
The great Pan's sleep.  
He sleeps, he slumbers,  
The great god Pan!

*The Nation.**J. S. Phillimore.*

## WASTE.

Oh! the love in the world that is running to waste  
While there's many a heart would be glad of a share,  
But so high out of reach and so awkwardly placed  
Is this love in the world that is running to waste  
It is risking one's life to attempt but a taste—  
While the doing without is slow death by despair  
Of this love in the world, that is running to waste  
While there's many a heart would be glad of a share!

*The Pall Mall Magazine. R. E. Black.*

## ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL.

Straight-ruled through England lies Watling Street, vibrant with echoes of passing feet. Wedges of wild-geese in their hejiras have broken up to the sky before the eagles of the legions taking British winds, or the ravens of Vikings crossing the causeway in a fen-foray on the boar and the heron of the marshes beyond. To ears that hear, the air is yet quick with cries long passed into the Great Silence—trolls of churchmen with a secular note in their throats, chants of pilgrims to the overseas shrines of Fiachrach or Compostella, shouts of "Church and King!" overtone by "The Day of Armageddon!" A horseman rides down the night with news of an Invincible Armada, storm-splintered and wind-herded into nothingness; a coach and six comes to a stand at the pistols of a black-vizarded Gentleman of the Road. The "Yolcks, gone away!" of scarlet-coated foxhunters; the "teuf-teuf" of automobiles—symbols of the haste and unrest of a generation to whom the old landmarks are but so many milestones to be left behind—rise up in turn; the history of a nation is afoot upon the enduring Roman Way.

Such a sequence of progress may be observed on another track, imperishable throughout the ages. Scalds and poets, students of the heavens and the earth, dreamers of dreams, preachers and story-tellers, have in turn passed along the road of Literature; though the analogy cannot be pressed further, since the Latin causeway contemplated no stepping aside from it, while By-Path Meadow and an Enchanted Arbor are among the accepted features of the other. Travellers on this latter, indeed, often turn discoverers, pioneers into places to which alone they possess the clue, henceforth to be pricked down on the chart of literary geography.

Boccaccio leads way among the cypresses to his villa of the Decameron; Swift opens the kingdoms of Lilliput and the Brobdingnagians; the Avalon of Mallory and the Utopia of More afford familiar resting-ground to our thoughts. No capital of literature is, however, better known than a certain little country town of "trim gardens full of choice flowers"; of strong-minded Amazons independent of fashion but slaves of etiquette; of an atmosphere as of "Tonquin beans" dried in bygone summers. Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* ranks beside Goldsmith's *Wakefield*; and though a century has passed since the birth of its discoverer, her delicate, womanly figure holds place among the motley throng on that road that cleaves across space and time, on which the sun shines and the stars look down.

## I.

About the time when Jane Austen of Winchester was contemplating the anonymous venture of *Sense and Sensibility*, Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born on September 29th, 1810, at a house in Lindsey Row, now incorporated with Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. As plants draw, each after its kind, the necessary nutriment from the soil in which they find themselves, so the subtle forces of heredity and environment are apparent, more obviously than with most characters, in the making of the future writer. Shakespeare born in Berlin of the eighteenth century might yet have written *Hamlet*, but it is difficult to imagine *North and South* or *Cranford* inspired by any upbringing other than fell to their authoress. The torch with her seems to have been caught from her father's hand—"a man," to quote the Annual Obituary of 1830, "remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed, and for

the simplicity and modesty by which his rare attainments were concealed." Though beginning life as a Unitarian minister, Mr. William Stevenson had won a name as a writer on commerce and historical research, before an appointment as Keeper of Records of the Treasury summoned him to London, where the little daughter of his first marriage was born in the Chelsea home. The baby, however, motherless within a month, must needs be transplanted to its mother's native Cheshire, the town of Knutsford—by and by to be made known over the Atlantic and Pacific as Barford, Hollingford, Duncombe, but above all Cranford—becoming practically her native place. Here, not far from the actual Watling Street, Elizabeth came to be mothered by her aunt, Mrs. Lumb, in the tall red-brick house overlooking the Heath, amid the sandy hollows of which the small girl was wont to hide in the cuckoo-storms of childhood. Legends of highwayman Higgins and his underground passage from the white house known as the Cann Office, doubtless haunted the childish imagination as they yet haunt the furzy common, across which the sedan that in Elizabeth's time brought Knutsford ladies to the Assembly Room, still casts its quaint shadow in the crowning of the May Queen.

As has been hinted, possibly only the Knutsford which she knew could have afforded the mould of Mrs. Gaskell's individuality. Fifteen miles from Manchester, the stagnation of a country town was here relieved by the pulsations from one of the ganglia of working England; while that atmosphere of *La Salle des Pas Perdus*, of which old ladies would seem to be the chosen guardians, has hardly vanished from the place till lately "in the possession of the Amazons," and where the railway "vehemently petitioned against" was only established in 1862. Old ladies are among the traditions of Knuts-

ford; one of them left a legacy to pave the principal sidewalks on condition that they should never be widened, since all her life she had objected to see a man and woman "linking"; such ghost stories as Miss Pole and Miss Matty "rummaged up out of the recesses of their memory" were the accepted entertainment of tea-parties. The spirit of pastoral England which informs the scenery of Mrs. Gaskell's books breathes in the hay-grass of the surrounding meadows, the farmhouses at the end of narrow country lanes overshadowed by the elms and beeches, the silver shimmer of meres; her mother's old home of Sandlebridge forming the heart in the child's experiences.

The horizon widened with Elizabeth Stevenson's growth. School with a Miss Byerley for two years at Stratford-on-Avon, visits to London, winters in Edinburgh and in her father's county of Northumberland, varied girlhood pleasantly; "the blood of the Vikings," she declared, "throughout life a-tingle in her setting out for a holiday." Education does not seem to have been after the approved feminine curriculum, Latin being added to the orthodox French and Italian, the girl's best-loved authors—Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper and Scott, to which later were added Macaulay and Ruskin, significant of what someone has called the "best schoolmaster"—opportunity to browse in a good library. History and memoirs, vivified by an instinctive *fleur* for the romantic in life, were already favorite subjects when the graceful creature of twenty-two, with hazel eyes and smiling lips, married the Rev. William Gaskell, of Cross St. Chapel, Manchester. In accordance with Dissenter legislation of the 'thirties, the wedding was celebrated in Knutsford Parish Church, instead of, more naturally for a Unitarian couple, in the Brook Street Chapel of that persuasion, with the double outer stairway of which only



three specimens exist in England. The marriage with the husband but five years older than herself was the union of two rare personalities. "Mr. Gaskell," writes Mrs. Ritchie, "was one of those ministers whose congregations are outside as well as inside chapel walls"; and a fellow-cleric recalls a saying that his appearance in the pulpit was a sermon in itself, as it certainly was a benediction. Of his wit a story is told among the generations of Manchester New College, where for some years he held the Professorship of English History and Literature. A student blundering egregiously, the horrified lecturer started to his feet, his chair, already rickety, going to pieces with the hasty movement. Mr. Gaskell glanced over his shoulder. "Mr. —," he exclaimed, "the very chair can't stand it!"

"The Hungry 'Forties" were upon England in the early years of Mrs. Gaskell's married life. To rear a household of children on the small salary of a Nonconformist minister was work enough for a young mother's brains and hands; the duty of self-cultivation was not neglected, and the intimacy with fairyland shown in the sketch *Curious if True*, suggests many a summer twilight or firelit hour before nursery bedtime spent in describing Puss-in-Boots or Mme. de Retz with her unlucky interest in keys, to the best audiences possible. Yet in spite of home calls, members of her Sunday-school and young women's sewing-class there are who still recollect the Saturday tea-parties at her own house, where she guided the conversation on topics likely to amuse or instruct, and "seemed to guess what we were going to say"; for many months a sick girl was installed and tended in her own household; in the Ancoats, which later was the Assisi of Frank Crossley—that modern son of St. Francis—Mrs. Gaskell's practical comradeship won her a place in the

hearts of the hedgehog folk of Lancashire. As Walter Scott in his boy's wanderings, so the author of *Mary Barton* and *North and South* was unconsciously "making" herself; probably her first appearance in print—some lines in *Blackwood's Magazine* of January, 1837—inspired by the theme later amplified in the tender vignette of Alice Wilson, the old woman who lives in memory on the heathery moors, never seen since her lost youth, yet always remaining "home" to her:—

Yes! angel voices called her childhood back,  
Blotting out life with its dim sorrowful track,  
Her secret wish was ever known in heaven,  
And so in mystery was the answer given.

Life's track was about to become more "sorrowful" for the writer. The disappearance of her only sailor brother and the death of her father had already taught her girlhood that to love is to bleed; now, during a Welsh holiday in 1844, her one boy was snatched from her by scarlet fever. "In dreams alone I may see, while yet I tarry here, the sweet looks of my dear child," she wrote in the book desperately begun to distract herself from the grief at heart. "The ploughshare of passion," to borrow Lowell's phrase, had indeed torn down to the primitive rock, striking out the latent fire of her genius. *Mary Barton* was worthy of the emotions which called it forth; it was written in the hope of calling attention to the sorrows of fellow-creatures—the mother mourning a child conceiving the germ of such a story from the question of a parent similarly bereaved: "Have yo' ever seen a child clemmed to death?"

The evolution of the novel was upon English literature—Dickens in full swing, Thackeray bringing out the first numbers of *Vanity Fair*, George Elliot

preparing; yet with the publication of the book written truly with heart's blood, the anonymous novelist was acclaimed one of the world-writers: "Some, I am told," says the Rev. Geo. A. Payne, "in all good faith discussing with Mrs. Gaskell who the new author might be." Almost despite herself, "the quiet lady in Manchester" was caught into the ring of genius and achievement; Wordsworth, Dickens, Ruskin, Florence Nightingale, Montalembert, welcomed her among them. Story followed story, the art of *racontage* which had been the fairy godmother's gift to her heightened by the delicacy of style derived, one fancies, from those eighteenth-century studies of her girlhood, till in 1853 *Cranford* appeared, to be forthwith placed on that shelf of the classics which lies to a man's hand in the firelight. *Cranford* was a crystal drop of ichor, proclaiming the veins from which it flowed those of one of the Immortals.

The thorns especial to authors were, of course, not lacking from Mrs. Gaskell's lot. The gauntlet of the *Edinburgh* reviewers had to be run in those days, and the author of *Mary Barton* and *Ruth* could not hope to escape the condemnation awarded by certain critics to breakers of their unwritten commandment: Thou shalt not make unto thyself anything that is new! The acquaintances who have a morbid belief that they and their families could not be overlooked by a writer once known to them, detected likenesses undreamed of by Mrs. Gaskell, even avenging their offended feelings by tearing out the illustrations of *Wives and Daughters*—though Miss Gaskell asserts that "no two people could be more unlike than Dr. Gibson and Mr. Peter Holland," the old doctor whom his little kinswoman used to accompany on his rounds while as yet her pen was capable of no more than pot-hooks. Still, he was of the same profession as Dr. Gibson, and the

author was therefore as severely blamed as when she borrowed for her Miss Brownings the white satin shoes which a Knutsford lady had once considered the only footgear meet for the invitation to lunch at Tatton Park, reward of virtue for teaching in the school where the three C's of the day—cooking, catechism, and curtesying to one's betters—were inculcated on Knutsford maidenhood. The keenest storm of criticism, however, and one with unfortunate results for literature, was called forth by *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, friendship with whom Mrs. Gaskell had entered into during a visit to the Lakes in 1850. So bitter and various were the various attacks on the biography, that they strengthened the biographer's resolve that no detailed record of herself should be given to the world. The delicate pathos of the chapter "Old Letters" in *Cranford* finds echo in the thought of those sheets of Mrs. Gaskell's, destroyed at her express wish—sprightly and cultivated, be sure, as any of Madame de Sévigné, with the unconscious touches of self-portrayal of an R. L. S., and such homely minutes of the everyday as form the charm of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. By the reed (which who else but Pan could have plucked for her, pointed alike for the sombre and the gay?), there is a niche left empty among the world's letter-writers.

The portrait in words left by Mrs. Cowden Clarke is a singularly pleasant one:—

A charming, brilliant-complexioned, but quiet-mannered woman, thoroughly unaffected, thoroughly attractive—so modest that she blushed like a girl when we hazarded some expression of our admiration of *Mary Barton*; so full of enthusiasm on general subjects of humanity or benevolence that she talked freely and vividly at once upon them, and so young in look and demeanor that we could hardly believe her to be the mother of two daughters she mentioned

in terms that showed them to be no longer children.

A later sketch by Mrs. Lynn Linton mentions "her beautiful white arms bare to the shoulder, and as destitute of bracelets as her hands were of gloves."

She was scarcely past the meridian of womanly charms—George Sand had not yet written of the unfinished *Wives and Daughters* as "a book which might be put into the hands of an innocent young girl, while it would rivet the attention of the most *blasé* man of the world"—when, in 1865, with never a herald of thunder crash or brooding cloud, the flash came which translated Elizabeth Gaskell into the world of light. At the Hampshire home of Holybourne, Alton—bought by her as a surprise gift for her husband—one November evening, while talking with her daughters, she ceased to speak or breathe. "Death, which came without a moment's warning, had for her no sting—" the words of the memorial tablet in the Manchester Chapelhouse were well chosen. "For her the end of life was not descent amongst the clouds of the valley, but ascent to the 'golden hills.'"

## II.

English industrial life, English home-life, stories told in English firelight—the writings of Mrs. Gaskell fall of themselves under these headings.

To the fact that, like Samuel Richardson, Mrs. Gaskell's genius "flowered late" has been ascribed both her strength and weakness as a novelist; from the appearance of *Mary Barton* it became evident that this new writer joined to a woman's insight into detail a masculine tolerance and the philosopher's faculty of seeing both sides of the shield. To these attributes, perhaps, is due her peculiar skill in character-drawing. A critic has asserted that "we never got quite to know her men and women as we know *Père*

*Goriot*, *Jane Eyre*, or *Adam Bede*"; but if *knowing* includes anything further than the bird's-eye recognition inspired by the Coliseum or the Chinese Ambassador in the Row, it would, one imagines, be an easier task to predict the line of action in crises likely to be taken by people neither actors in a drama nor types of a virtue or a voice, but natural growths of human nature in the everyday. Scott's heroes and heroines suffer under the imputation of having no mothers; Mrs. Gaskell begins, as James Payn points out, "by having her people born in the usual way, not built up like the Frankenstein monster." Cynthia Kirkpatrick, scamping her toilet for the ball to set off Molly, is own daughter to the father who walked miles in the rain to get a muffin for his wife; but when she inveigles Molly into that false position with Mr. Preston, we are reminded that Cynthia's mother postponed the gratification of a woman mortally ill, because "how awkward it would be for me to go stumping into a drawing-room all by myself!" To such recognition of the forces as go to the evolution of the individual, of the tints blending the *gray* of the normal, must be ascribed the subtlety of some of Mrs. Gaskell's conceptions. As the brook in the fairy forest, wherein those who looked beheld not the everyday aspect, but their true selves, so the real Hyacinth Gibson or Philip Hepburn are reflected in her art. Yet the power to portray what old Rutherford termed "our blacks and whites" was hers at need; the almost savage sketch of Benjamin Huntroyd or the lily figure of Lois the Witch recalls that the strong North-country blood flowed at her heart. Nor need even outward recognition be denied to her characters. Any one of the population of Cranford would be known by those who had once made their bow to them; Mr. Gibson, Minister Holman, Bridget Fitzgerald are unmistakable personalities; Lady

Ludlow is distinct in her lines as one of the wax miniature reliefs dressed in tiny actual brocades or uniforms in the possession to-day of Miss H——, the oldest inhabitant of Knutsford.

Books written with a purpose not seldom alienate through the writer's absolute earnestness. To the fairness of observation already noticed, *Mary Barton* and *North and South* owe half their value, the truth which is the pigment in them even to-day rendering them unfaded presentiments of average industrial life in England. An originality of attitude was apparent in the first pages; Mrs. Gaskell's and "Mr. Fairchild's" aims in visiting the poor were dissimilar. Mr. Fairchild strolled to the village because a murderer in his rusty chains would point a moral to Henry not to bite his sister, or because Emily and Lucy, by the object-lesson of two conveniently adjacent cottages, were to be taught to distinguish between Thrift and Waste. In literature of the period the "lower five" was wont to be but a background on which to display the variegated qualities of the "upper ten"; here was a writer who "believed in a higher classification of men than into rich and poor"; Mrs. Gaskell brings human nature a step in advance of Mrs. Sherwood or Jane Austen. Accurate acquaintance with "the science of clemming" stirred appreciation in her of the virtues and temptations of the poor, but she is no party apologist; her description of "t' owd bulldog John Thornton's" stand at bay before the mob is as acute as the drawing of the marked paper which made John Barton a murderer. The words put into her mill-owner's lips contain the pith of the relation which should exist between Capital and Labor:—

I have arrived at the conclusion that no mere institution can attach class to class, unless the working out of such institutions bring the individuals of the different classes into actual per-

sonal contact—(a plea here for Mrs. Gaskell's favorite doctrine of the individual)—such intercourse is the very breath of life, we should understand each other better, and I'll venture to say we should like each other more.

Criticisms on the books were many and varied. "*Quelle musique douloureuse dans un sanglot,*" wrote a French critic on *Mary Barton*; across the Atlantic the author of *The Wide Wide World* sat absorbed in it by the firelight; from her Siena villa Elizabeth Barrett Browning expressed herself rapturously. Carlyle congratulated the writer; Dickens termed it "a book that most profoundly affected and impressed me." The *Edinburgh Review*, indeed, considered such books "likely to be mischievous in the South from the lack of stress on artisan improvidence," &c.—not much scope for improvidence, one would think, in those days, when bread was 6d. per lb.; and in Bolton alone there were over a thousand families whose weekly wage averaged fifteenpence halfpenny. Another critic pleased himself by an optimistic comparison between *Mary Barton* of 1849 and an imaginary one of 1899, when "the writer will be able to breathe guiding knowledge as well as kindly emotions into her story." "The Mr. Carson of 1899 will," he considers, "lead a life of comfort, simplicity, and taste; no ostentation of his will offer any offensive contrast to such destitution as *may yet*" (shades of 5 John Street!) "linger around him." John Barton will reflect that "to live with comfort and respectability in this world (1) I must work, (2) I must be alive to adapt myself to all forthcoming machinery, (3) I must fulfil to the utmost the tenderest and most sacred duties of a parent." Yet a third criticism amusingly illustrates that element in human progress which may be described as the personal equation of the generations; a sleuth-hound opponent of the Rights of Women

detecting an aspect of the movement in the "furious" love-making of *North and South*. Mrs. Gaskell's heroines, poles apart alike from "the little tremblings" of Harriet Byron or Currer Bell's sisterhood with the "*bonnet rouge*" of revolt half-hidden under the conventual veil, appear to us the ideal of the feminine Mid-Victorian; yet that they were up to the full standard of their day is apparent by the suspicion that steals on one that their creator would have been in the foremost ranks of female suffrage could she, as Mrs. Gibson wished to do, "have belonged to this generation."

*Ruth*—in date of publication between the two long industrial novels—added to the gallery in which the women appear more sympathetically drawn than the men. Already in *Mary Barton* Mrs. Gaskell had evinced feeling for the Lost Legion of womanhood; now she took courage to depict innate innocence, not "dying of a bloodstain," as Richardson's *Clarissa*, but striving to efface it by the waters of a whole-souled repentance. Besides the gradually developed character of Ruth Hilton, the story contains some of Mrs. Gaskell's happiest sketches, the old servant Sally especially a Dow-like portrait, alike homely and finished in detail. Something of North-country reserve appears to have been shed in the pages, in which Ruth's thrilling ecstasies at approaching maternity were surely drawn from the writer's own soul. The description of the gargoyle in the shadows of the little seaside church is an intimate passage such as is rare with her:—

The face was beautiful in feature (the next to it was a grinning monkey), but it was not the features which were the most striking part. There was a half-open mouth, not in any way distorted out of its exquisite beauty, by the intense expression of suffering it conveyed; any distortion of the face by mental agony implies that a struggle

with circumstance is going on. But in this face, if struggle had been, it was over now. Circumstance had conquered—but the eyes looked upward and onward to "the hills from whence cometh our help"—and though the parted lips seemed ready to quiver with agony, yet the expression of the whole face, owing to the strange, stony, and yet spiritual eyes, was high and consoling. Whatever it was, however it came there—imagination, carver, sufferer—all were long passed away. Human art was ended, human life done—human suffering ended, but this remained, it stilled Ruth's beating heart to look upon it.

"*Ruth*," wrote Charles Kingsley, "made for beauty and righteousness." Mrs. Gaskell's brief was held for the sinner, not the sin; yet to a certain class the bacillus of evil would appear to be communicated by mention rather than existence. Only recently, in one of the spasms of prudery which periodically attack censors, a certain Middlesex County Council refused to admit *Ruth* in its public library as unfit for the young person, who reads Zola in sixpenny translations or gloats over the latest murder details in the evening issues. In Mrs. Gaskell's time a certain public, outraged by Rossetti's *Jenny* and Mrs. Browning's *Marion Erle*, were as scandalized at Ruth Hilton as the Bensons' Sally herself, apprehensive at sixty of contamination from sixteen:—"I only hope I shan't lose my character, and me a parish clerk's daughter."

The last sentence is a sparkle of the humor which in Mrs. Gaskell peeps up, unexpectedly as Puck from foxglove, in all manner of situations. Dry and, metaphorically, never italicized, it is that of an observer rather than a comedian. Sometimes the merest sentence: the old country lady's wonder how it was that some kinds of pain were more genteel than others, and her decision that complaints as high up the body as possible naturally belong to the aristocracy. Sometimes it lurks in a word: the "am-



phibious" position which Miss Browning held the apprentices occupied in Mrs. Gibson's household. At others it is a sly medium of portraiture, as when Mrs. Gibson (who surely belonged to the Veneering family) resents Miss Browning owning that she (Mrs. Gibson) tried to do her duty:—"I've that deep feeling about duty that I think it ought only to be talked about in church and such sacred places as that; not to have a common caller startling one with it!" Mrs. Rose hesitating to contemplate a second marriage because "the turtle-dove has always been her ideal," is another delicious touch; while for pure comicality Sally's account of her offer of "holy matrimony" where the pig formed the temptation (too long for quotation here) is bad to beat. Some of the highest humor is to be found in *Cranford* and the less well known *Lady Ludlow*, the former of which especially having been described as "the purest piece of humanistic literature added to British literature since Charles Lamb."

The point of how far the author was a "chiel takin' notes" has been hotly discussed. Miss Betty Harker selling tea and glass without deviation from the bye-laws of gentility in Knutsford, for instance, undoubtedly suggested Miss Matty, sweetest old maid (at fifty-one!) in fiction; Tom Holbrook owed traits to a certain Knutsford squire, famous for a weather almanac, the frequent inaccuracies of which were condoned by its compiler as due to a hitherto undiscovered planet. Some dainty malice is to be suspected in another figure; the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson was but repeating an actual request made in cold blood when she desired her circle not to call upon her titled visitor; the same prototype was once heard calling over her stairs to "Tell cook to cut the bread-and-butter thicker for the Knutsford ladies!" The keen observation was Mrs. Gaskell's doubtless sen-

sitized imagination, but the composition of the picture, its lights and shadows, remained all her own. Recollection of the family connection through the Hollands of Sandlebridge with Lord Clive may have suggested the Aga Peter, but the writer's genius is alone accountable for such delicious scenes as that in which the Aga extenuated to Mrs. Jamieson the sacrilege of shooting a cherubim by pleading that he had been living among savages, all of whom were heathens—some of them, he was afraid, downright Dissenters!

The somewhat cumbrous machinery of *Lady Ludlow*—a story enclosed in a story, as Joseph Balsamo's house was enclosed within a house—has perhaps interfered with its subsequent career, yet Lady Ludlow herself is as perfect a picture of an old gentlewoman as is Sir Charles Grandison of a finished fine gentleman. *Lady Ludlow* is a charming study of a period when public opinion, as nowadays certain county council papers, classified mankind into men, women, and peers of the realm; when the shadow of the *Carmagnole* made reading and writing appear "edge-tools" for the lower orders; when manners belonged to the sciences, not the dead languages. Snobbery, even with waxing democracy, is not wholly extinct; it was still less so in Mrs. Gaskell's day; but in her two countesses, Lady Ludlow and Lady Cumnor of *Wives and Daughters*, she has subtly emphasized the difference between rank and breeding. Lady Cumnor's reproof on Cynthia's protesting against her barrister lover being confounded with "an attorney"—"When you have been a little in society you will find it reckoned bad manners to interrupt"—contrasts with the soft dignity of Lady Ludlow, when the zealous young clergyman quotes the Bishop's authority against hers as Lady of the Manor:—"I could only rise and courtesy, and civilly dismiss him. It is one of the few cases where abruptness is



*desirable!*" The scene with which the curtain falls on Lady Ludlow, her handkerchief spread on her velvet lap at tea, to keep that of the retired baker's wife in countenance, is symbolic in its presentment.

Another character, of the day when everyone's angles were not rubbed down by international elbows, is contained in this book. "Miss Galindo" was nearly being an authoress once, and sometimes subsequently, when she got hold of some book, wondered why she had let such a poor reason as having nothing to say stop her; as amateur clerk she tries to make the old clerk forget she's a woman by whistling, bowing instead of curtesying. "Nay, if you won't tell my lady, saying Confound it, and Zounds!" she wore her white muslin apron crooked to hide a lemon-stain beneath, and told everyone the reason. Hot-tempered and warm-hearted, Miss Galindo completes her dear Lady Ludlow by force of contrast, Chelsea to the other's Dresden.

The horror—horror heightened by the unexpected—with which one might come on a murder done in a green lane, honeysuckle trumpets perhaps, above the battered dead among the grasses, grips the reader turning from Mrs. Gaskell's delicate comedy to be confronted by her tragedy. Possibly no one except Poë possesses an equal power of "making one's flesh creep," in the English story-teller, destitute of the American's paraphernalia—clockwork devices, dungeons, and tombs. Only in one of this class, *The Grey Woman*, has she even recourse to the machinery of adventure, the *chauffeurs* of France affording a theme on which her art enlarges with "the ease and delightful emphasis" mentioned by Mrs. Ritchie, as belonging to the ghost stories told by her one wet, gusty morning at Hampstead. The young bride's flight from the fair, elegant, terrible M. de la Tourelle, her stages followed by

the assassins with their grim epithets.

Numéro Un.—Ainsi les chauffeurs se vengent.

graphically depict that terror of eighteenth-century France, the secret organization leagued for brigandage and murder. Thrilling, however, as is *The Grey Woman*, it is the unseen rather than the seen which inspires Mrs. Gaskell's eeriest efforts. Simply as Hamlet's Ghost, the element of horror with her becomes visible, rather than is conjured up, upon the air, the very sense of continuity of action in her character-drawing, answerable also for such philosophy as in *The Poor Clare* and *The Old Nurse's Story*. Here in both, the *motif* is a deed projected upon the Eternal, past the power of the doer to control: in *The Old Nurse's Story*, conscience the accuser; in *The Poor Clare*, Nemesis the Avenger. One regrets the literary prodigality in these short stories; most of them contain material for a full-grown novel. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is foreshadowed in *The Poor Clare*—the pure and tender Lucy, victim of a curse launched all unknowingly, sees herself in the mirror attended by "another wicked, fearful self, so like me that my soul seemed to quiver within me, as though not knowing to which similitude of body it belonged." The blood sticks at the description of the creature making a third in its unreal unreality, with the lovers on the purple moors; if, however, the ethic be established that a short story should contain but one episode, *The Old Nurse* must rank higher, marked also by a sense of the dramatic, somewhat rare in the writer. The Brontë sisters themselves have not re-created more vividly the fierce North-country fells, though here the actors are shades instinct with the passions of the past. All the relentlessness of the accomplished possesses the closing

scene, when the bowed, withered woman before the phantom of herself, once again young, beautiful, and evil, falls death-stricken, muttering low, but muttering always,

Alas! alas! What is done in youth can never be undone in age!

A recent review points out that the writers of sixty years ago found it difficult to "divorce pathos from the death-bed." With Mrs. Gaskell, however, "the commonest commonplace of life bristled with tender possibilities"; her smiles often shot with a sudden mist of tears; while even with death she touched a sidelight in preference to a more morbid aspect. Miss Matty, after "that wicked Paris" had killed her old love, requests the milliner "to make her caps something like Mrs. Jamieson's."

"But she wears widow's caps, ma'am!"

"Oh, I only meant something in that style; not widow's, of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's!"

Such pregnant sentences convey the unspoken.

In another side of Mrs. Gaskell's work the student realizes with surprise the small amount here also of actual description. A line here and there—the autumn day "full of the farewell whistles and pipes of birds clear and sweet," "a garden where roses and currant-bushes touched each other, and the feathery asparagus formed a pretty background for the pinks and gillyflowers"—the deserted Manor House with the forest trees mirrored to blackness in the burnished moat, and the heron standing on one leg at the water's edge—with such scanty outlines it is astonishing how vividly the scene is yet visualized. Sympathy with her mental atmosphere almost amounts to intuition; recollections of some submerged personality, as in *Sylvia's Lovers*, on the Revenue officer's seizing the ship's

The Fortnightly Review.

helm, "*The Captain felt as though his wife had been kissed before his face.*" This power equally realizes the French Revolution or the limitations of a country town, a sort of intellectual hypnotism radiating to the reader from the page.

It is, perhaps, this quality that most forcibly affected *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. Discussions as to its accuracy have brought it among the *causes célèbres* of literature; to the end of time there will be those who dispute her reading of Branwell's love-affairs, the management of Casterton School, or the justice of some of her conclusions, as there are those who will remain unconvinced in the Ossian controversy. Woman-like, the biographer may have been hampered by her sympathy in getting away sufficiently from her subject for a dispassionate view, but such sympathy certainly enabled her to fulfill her purpose of making Charlotte Brontë known and valued "as one who had gone through a terrible life with a brave and faithful heart." The book makes a worthy third with Boswell's *Johnson* or Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

The code of literature among the ancient bards demanded three final intentions of the singer. The properties of just imagination must be his in due proportion—"What may be; what ought to be; what is surely to be"—the true bard's song begotten by this trinity, bringing forth in turn into the world Increase of goodness; increase of understanding; increase of delight. Mrs. Gaskell's writings survive such a triad of tests; her realism is lightened by faith and lit by sunshine. The truth of things is at the heart of her: the immortality won by it more enduring than the bronze laurels in the bas-relief looking down from her Memorial Tower in Knutsford. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell lives, and will live again in minds made nobler by her presence.

K. L. Montgomery.

**FROM THE OUTPOSTS.****THE ENGLISH MAIL.**

The beams of the rising sun slant over the wall of the post and athwart the courtyard. The freshness which, even in the hot weather, comes with early morning, is in the air. The sentry stands brisk and alert at the newly opened, red-painted, loopholed gate. The men of the guard smoke the morning hookah. Without the post a stony plain slopes away to the east: hardly a vestige of green is to be seen. Bare brown hills surround it on three sides and are already beginning to glow in the sun's rays. In the centre of the plain stands the post. Four-square, matter-of-fact, and utilitarian as the folk who built it,—it stands, an uttermost picket of the Empire. From it starts the road; the reason of this and other posts,—a strip of territory, rented from the surrounding tribes, thirty yards broad, and meandering many miles in length, till at last it reaches British India. Politicians call it a trade-route, soldiers a strategic road, and the men in charge many things, according to the height of the thermometer, their temper, and the state of their health. But the road and the post are of importance to people many thousand miles away, as is testified by the strings of camels, bearing English goods, that troop up every season to Afghanistan and beyond to Central Asia. So stands the post of "The Little Mulberry-tree."

Inside the outer courtyard of the post stands the Dak-tonga—a low-hung, stout, well-balanced vehicle on two wheels. Its dingy red paint is sun-blistered and dusty, and its canvas tilt is weather-bleached. The two thin ponies hang their dejected heads and patiently whisk off the flies. The ostler, a lad of the surrounding country, and wild as a hawk, squats on his

heels and shares the morning pipe with the guard. The guttering of the pipes' water-cooler is occasionally interrupted by remarks. Over against the mounted men's stables are the men of the escort. Khaki-clad and armed, they adjust girth and surcingle and wait. It is not good to start too early, before the road has been picketed. Inside the room that serves as post and telegraph office snatches of talk burst out, and subside as the Babu makes up the mail-bags to give to the driver. The latter, clad in garments none too clean, belted, and equipped with a battered bugle, loils in the doorway, twisting his short whip in his hands. He wonders if he will get through to British India, fifty-two miles away, without molestation. "The Lifter" and his gang are out on a "running," and three days before the mail-tonga was shot at, and to-day is the day of the *Walaiti-dak*—the English mail.

A servant runs along the veranda of the officers' quarters, a letter in his hand, descends the steps, and enters the post-office. "Oh, Babuji! is there yet time? Then give me a ticket of one anna." The greasy, clumsy copper coins, value one halfpenny each, are put down, the stamp is affixed, the letter is handed to the Babu, who obliterates its stamp and drops it into the mail-bag, whose mouth he proceeds to tie and to seal up with black sealing-wax. That anna has purchased a portion of the labors of these and many other men. The driver begins to brisk up, and makes careful mental tally as the Babu hands over the various scantily-filled bags: "This for Islam Khan and that for Ghuzni Khel." The driver goes out and places the bags under his seat amongst the old bits of spare harness, bags of grain, and ends of rope. He

gathers up the reins and seats himself. The ostler stands to the ponies' heads; the escort mount; the guard pause in their talk and look up. "Let go!" and the whip cracks, the ponies spring forward, taking the gateway at a gallop; the ostler swings himself up behind as the tonga starts. The escort clatter in rear. Down the long straight stretch of road between the black shingle goes the tonga—a long cone of dust rising from either wheel and swirling away behind to unite in a cloud. One rider draws ahead and one drops a hundred yards behind; two follow close after the tonga. The English mail has started.

Across the plain and down the winding valley; between the bare brown hills; crossing and re-crossing the scanty trickle of water in its stony bed, which, dignified by the name of river, gives a name to the road. Look up! away on the left, at that salient angle of the hill-side, a pile of stones shows up from its contour, and two khaki-turbaned heads look over as the tonga comes into view and passes. That is a picket. A thousand yards farther on another shows, this time to the right. The road is watched right down to British India, that the king's peace may be kept and his subjects and others may go upon their lawful occasions on the king's highway. None may carry arms on the road: theft or murder comes within the British law. Should a man desire to go armed, it is necessary that he take the hill-path. But the road is in the keeping of the "Sirkar," the Government, that great impersonal power of the English king and British people.

Down the winding, dusty road gallop the panting, sweating ponies. The escort are at a hard canter now, their rifles bumping on their pommels and their sword-scabbards flogging their horses' side. Round a bend on one

wheel, and the next post comes into view,—smaller than the starting-point, and not unlike a Border peel, as indeed it is. The driver blows his bugle; a man leads the next relay of horses out from the rough shed at the foot of the tower and waits. The tonga pulls to a trot and draws up. They proceed to unyoke the horses. The foam-flecked dripping pair are led away and walked up and down the road to cool off, and the fresh horses are backed in as the driver holds up the pole with its curricule-bar. The escort, like good horsemen, have dismounted. The two who follow the tonga have now white moustaches and eye-lashes. One has wound the long tail of his turban across his mouth and nostrils to keep out the dust. Their dark eyes show bright and clear from their dust-seamed faces. The garrison of the post, such as are not on picket duty, look out and pass the time of day.

Again the tonga, with its escort, starts, and as the post is left behind the monotony of the galloping hoofs and clattering, grinding wheels again shuts down. Past a Mussulman graveyard, with its tombs all due north and south: round a bend, and a string of camels comes into view. The tonga pulls up to a trot, and the man with the leading camel runs across and pulls it into the side of the road. The road is none too broad. They have been down to British India, trading. The men with the camels gaze at the tonga with keen eyes and impassive faces. They are big, bearded, long-haired, dirty, and clad in tattered clothing, but from their turbaned heads to sandalled feet they are free men every inch. Poor according to the European standard they may be, but no one starves. They combine the trades of farmer, carrier, and cattle-thief. At present there is nothing against them individually, else they would not be on the

road. A few months ago the men of the escort were such as these.

The heat is increasing, and the glare from the road grows greater. Yet it is nothing to what the afternoon will bring. The driver's eyes are narrowed to slits. A mud village surrounded by a high wall and topped by fortified towers is passed.

Round the bend comes a trooper of the Frontier militia, a replica of the men of the escort. He is followed soon after by two Englishmen with two other troopers. Another trooper brings up the rear. The Englishmen are burnt brick-red and look hot, tired, and dusty. They wear khaki shirts and back-pads, and each carries a pistol. They are one of the officers of the Frontier militia and the doctor. The latter has multifarious duties. He is in charge of both the civil and military hospitals. The prison is in his care, and he superintends the chicken-incubator in the headquarters mess. He will treat any that come to him, and has a fine knowledge of gunshot wounds and sword cuts. He is accustomed to do major operations under conditions that would make a house-surgeon's blood run cold, and has the implicit trust of the tribesmen who know him. He is in the pennyworth, as he looks after the men who mind the road. The valley opens out into another circular plain—not quite so sterile this time. A few scattered villages wring a scanty living from the poor soil by means of irrigation. In the centre stands their immediate market, the headquarters post, quite the biggest that has yet been passed. Here six hundred men are in garrison, and the political officer has his headquarters. He is lord of the high, low, and middle justice on the road, as witnesseth the gallows standing outside.

Here a longer halt is made; letters are handed in and mail-bags received. The driver has his morning meal. Be-

fore drinking water he piously ejaculates: "In the name of God."

On again in an hour's time, down the long winding road. The valley again closes in; more relays and fresh escorts, other pickets, all give their share of work for the penny. The heat is now that of a furnace, and is reverberated from the stony hills on either hand. The valley narrows still more—bare, rocky, sterile, and with banks of high scarped clay. Down across the stream, here a bit broader, and up the other side and ahead appears the post of "Three Mounds." The mail is in British India at last. Here the escort leave the tonga.

One more stage now and the driver's work is done till he takes the returning tonga on the morrow.

This is the post where all from independent country entering British territory by this pass must leave their arms, obtaining a receipt and redrawing their weapons on presenting it again when they return across the frontier. Here is also a detachment of the Border Military Police who patrol the actual frontier.

The tonga goes on again, and ahead a fertile oasis in this desolate land comes to view. Fields of waving crops flank the road. Irrigation channels chatter and gurgle pleasantly. The road is lined with mulberry-trees. More people are seen. Villages abound. Camels, ekkas or pony-carts, bullock-carts, pack-mules, pack-bullocks, porters taking their wares to market on scissor-hocked donkeys with slit nostrils,—all the life of the highway in the Indian Empire. A double company of regular Native infantry wheels on to the road from the rifle-range, and marks time to let the king's mail pass. They are great bearded Sikhs, each wearing his steel bangle on his wrist.

It is drawing toward evening as the tonga gets to the station. It is not a big one, and is eighty miles from the



railway, but it is a civilization after the wild country through which the mail has come. To the militia officer on the road it is town. There are here three regiments and a battery, all of the Native army.

Round the corner to the left the tonga goes, passing the polo-ground, where the British officers are at the game beneath the walls of the old mud fort, built by the Sikhs who now help to hold it for the Empire, whose insignia floats from the flagstaff.

Round the corner to the left again, past a Mohammedan shrine gay with colored rags fluttering from the trees, and the mail-tonga comes to rest at the post-office, a plain brick building in its trim green garden.

The mail-bags are re-sorted, and at 8.30 another similar tonga stands outside. The bags are handed over and stowed, and the lamp lit, for it is the hot weather and the tonga must travel by night. The driver takes his seat and skirts the garden of the Frontier Force mess. The officers are at dinner outside. He drives down past the flat-roofed bungalows of sun-dried mud, whose white-washed rain-gutters show up glimmering through the dark. The tonga turns into a garden. It is going to take up a passenger, else such good value for one penny were not to be had. A British officer, in breeches of the ubiquitous khaki and a rough shooting-coat, stands in the veranda. His orderly, a Sikh, is with him. The orderly stows a gun-case under the seat. The driver, with the help of the ostler, ropes the luggage on to the splash-board. The passenger picks up his fox-terrier by the scruff of the neck and throws him onto the seat. The orderly sits in front, the officer behind, and again a start is made. The tonga goes along the road bordering the glacis of the fort and halts opposite the gate. A burly figure is waiting by the roadside with a bundle of bedding and a

box. It is a Pathan native officer from one of the regiments in the fort. He and the Englishman greet each other, for although of different regiments they are of the Frontier Force and know each other well. They both sit behind and talk. They address each other as "Your honor," as is the custom. The British officer passes his cheroot-case. Presently they drop the Urdu "lingua-franca" of India and proceed in the native officer's mother-tongue. They "thee and thou" each other. "Yes," the Englishman is going shooting, a good markhar head being still wanting in his collection. The Pathan is going to settle some dispute about land and irrigation rights. He says: "We are not bemused by pleaders and lawyers in my country," and tersely adds that a rifle-shot can often hasten a decision. They discuss politics. They are not the politics of Westminster. The Pathan has a shadowy glimmering idea of a great "jirga" somewhere in England, and the Englishman regards party politics as a dirty business. Their politics are of the Frontier. What tribes are in a state of unrest, and why; who are the fire-brands; the latest exploit of the "Lifter" and other outlaws; whether such and such a Malek is a man of his word; and kindred topics.

Two troopers pass with their rifles across their saddle-bows. They are Border Military Police on patrol. The king's mail was stopped and two Hindu traders kidnapped and held up to ransom not so long ago.

On and on: the irrigated country has been left behind long ago, and nothing but desert borders the side of the road. Now and again a sparse cluster of tamarisk-tree whirls behind black against the stars. The passengers relapse into silence. The moon rises: stages are arrived at and left: ponies refuse to start, and have to be persuaded by a blight of rope slipped round



a fetlock and hauled on from in front. The tonga is into the hills again. Gustave Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno" would convey the best impression of the country. Outcrops of salt show ghostly through the gloom, and all the streams have a border of coarse salt. Where they run across the road the wheels first crackle on the salt, then splash, then crackle again. The passengers get sleepy and doze. Only the men who are working for a share of the penny keep wide awake. At the stages the driver sometimes feels the tyres, gives a grunt, and fetches water which he pours over the felloes and the hubs. Once or twice he has a few pulls at the stage-keeper's pipe before starting. A thunderstorm mutters and grumbles away to the northwest, and the driver wonders if "White-stone" nullah will be in flood. He has seen it up to the ponies' saddles after a storm in the hills. He plies his whip to get the right side of it as soon as possible. He stoops down and gets a mail-bag, which he gives to the orderly and tells him to put it behind the sahib's shoulders as a cushion. Consideration is due to them: they always give the driver a rupee, else the share of the postal pennies were too scanty for a wife and three children. At length dawn comes. The tonga is only two stages from the rail now. It rounds a corner amongst the low hills, and on the plain appear the fort, city, cantonments, and railway station. This pair of ponies are jaded and only trot.

Through the gates of the level-crossing, by the station, past the parade-ground, where all the garrison are busy; round to the right to the Kutcherry or Government offices the tonga goes, and draws up in a courtyard between the post-office and the rest-house. The driver takes the mail-bags in, reclaiming the pillow-bag with a smile. The ostler unropes the lug-

gage, and, assisted by the orderly, carries it to the rest-house. The passengers alight. The Britisher stretches himself, yawns, dives a hand in his pocket, gives something to the driver, ignores his wish that he may speedily become the commander-in-chief, strides to the rest-house followed by a shivering fox-terrier, and disappears shouting for tea and a bath. The driver gazes at his hand for a moment, puts two whole rupees in his pocket, and proceeds to drive the native officer to the city and take his horses and himself to the tonga stables. The mail-bags, now augmented, next appear at the station in the forenoon. A varied crowd fills the hall behind the barrier. A goodly sprinkling of Sikhs, Pathans, and Punjabi Mussulmans, each wearing one or more medals on a bit of black ribbon round his neck, is to be seen. They are sepoy's going on leave and furlough. The train comes in. The sweet and food sellers ply their trades with shrill cries. Screams, curses, oaths, fill the air. A harassed Eurasian guard tries to hurry things up. The mail-bags are given into his charge. The train starts, to the great danger of friends and relations, who will not stand back. It disappears down the line, and the platform is cleared by three policemen in red and blue turbans, blue shirts and khaki trousers. Along the valley goes the train, every peak and col in view being historic in the annals of the frontier: past a spit of protruding Afridi country; past stations like small forts, with bullet-proof shutters and loopholed, to rumble at last slowly over the bridge across the Indus. There are two hundred feet of water under this bridge, and the hot-weather temperature is like unto Tophet here. A penny purchases a share of all the grim hard work and anxiety that went to the building. The scrambling over the rocks of the gorge during the survey; the planning, the

calculation, the draughting in the sleepy hot office under the punkah when the draughtsman's arm wets the paper with perspiration; the making of the girders in far-off England and their transport by sea and land: a man could not sleep at night for the fear lest the bridge he was building from either end would not meet dead true in the centre. Men died and were damaged in the building. They were all working for a penny. Nay! the penny may even fulfil a prophecy, "Whoso bridges the Indus shall hold the rule of the Punjab for ever." So runs the old saying. On goes the train over stony plains, dancing in mirage until the land gets less sterile and Rawal Pindi is reached. Here the Walaiti-dak waits for the Peshawar-Bombay mail,—that wonderful train with its run of near 1600 miles. Then on and on it goes: down the line, past the mount said to cover the bones of Alexander's horse Bucephalus, zig-zagging carefully down hill-sides and stretching into full pace across the levels, across the mighty rivers of the Punjab, swirling down swollen with the melting snows of the Himalayas, every culvert and every bridge that bears it guarded by its blockhouse, until at last Lahore is reached. The ex-soldier that drives the train wipes his streaming face with a piece of oily waste, and his engine be-

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ing uncoupled, takes her off to the sheds. He and his colleagues have earned their share of the penny. Fresh men take charge and whirl it across the levels of the Punjab, past the holy city of the Sikhs, by mud-walled villages, irrigation canals, well-cultivated fields, by forts and palaces, until that holy city to men of British race, Delhi, is reached. Away from these; past crumbling Delhi of dead and bygone kings, whose empty gates stare at a greater Empire's work, carrying a greater king's dak to the sea; past Agra the beautiful; through the sparse jungle and empty plains and flat-topped hills of Central India by Gwalior, rising like some huge ship above the plain, down to the steamy Bombay ghauts, where, by special men and special engines, the train is braked down, with shuddering, jarring wheels, to the level of the coast. Slowly down, through jungle, by cliff, across high-level bridge, by tunnel and reversing station. Then comes the swift rush across the plain of Bombay, with its slums and mansions, whirling looms and busy docks, the smell of the sea and the yellow-painted masts of ships. And the last of the mail in India is the great black mail-ship casting to sea from middle-ground anchorage. So passes the Royal Mail in the Indian Empire.

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XI.

As Clotilda's trunk was packed and a cab ordered to take her to the station, Crewe proposed that they should return at once to London. He had a short time to spend in England and a great many people to visit. He had business to transact, and above all

he said he wanted to see more of Michael.

"He is not much like any of you," he said as he sat at the breakfast table.

"He is a Phillistine," said Selma, who had come back from her bathe in a better temper. "We are children of light."

Tom Crewe grunted and went on with his breakfast.

"I think I shall be a Philistine," said Bob.

"Michael has the family temperament," said Clotilda. "He is not very worldly wise. You'll see . . . some day he'll be in a fizzle."

"I don't know what you mean, Clotilda," said Mrs. Severin in an offended way. "As a family I think we have our share of brains."

"Oh! Brains! What good are they? Where are we in the world?" asked Clotilda.

"That is a Philistine question," said Selma; "rank materialism, in fact. What is worldly success?"

No one seemed inclined to answer, and at last Bob, who was following the argument with great interest, and paying no attention to his breakfast, said:—

"What is it? Don't any of you know?"

"You'll never get on in the world if you dawdle over your meals," said Clotilda, giving him a little shake; but Bob freed himself from her grasp and turned to Tom.

"What is a Philistine?" he said.

"Don't ask me conundrums," said Crewe, with his hearty laugh. "Get Selma to tell you."

"Tom is an arch-Philistine," said Selma. "He has all the middle-class virtues. He is honest, respectable, law-abiding, thrifty, industrious . . ."

"Oh do leave Tom alone," cried Clotilda, getting up. "I've got to put up with him . . . not you."

"You quite frighten Clotilda," said Mrs. Severin reproachfully to her second daughter, and she could not understand why her son-in-law laughed again.

"I hope Clotilda will be happy in Africa," she said while her daughter was putting on her hat. "I have always hoped that you would some day fetch her, but I did not expect you to arrive

before breakfast and depart before lunch. You are rather sudden in your ways, Tom. You were about your courtship and marriage too. But I am delighted to hear that you mean to settle in England again before very long. I should not like to live amongst savages myself."

"I live in Natal now," said Tom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Severin. "Which kind do you have there? Those big springy ones that came to Earl's Court one year, or those horrid dwarfs that shoot at you with poisoned arrows? They must be the worst."

"I wish you'd take me with you," said Bob. "I'd rather go to Africa than to school, and it would be more useful to me. Take me instead of Clotilda. She'd be frightened of a savage. You know what girls are."

"I've promised to take her, old chap," said Tom. "She'd be disappointed now. But we may come back next year. What shall I bring you?"

"A savage!" said Bob instantly. "One of the big springy ones."

Meanwhile Selma had slipped from the room, and under pretence of helping her to finish packing had shut herself in with Clotilda. Until lately the two sisters had always been great friends, and now that Clotilda was going so far away, far from her and far from Deminski, Selma felt some revival of the life-long intimate affection that rivalry had disturbed for a time. Besides, she had a confession to make, a confession of betrayal to which she had been driven by temper and jealousy, and of which now that she was in a more normal state of mind she felt ashamed.

"Can I help you?" she said as she went in.

"No, thank you," said Clotilda, cheerfully. "Tom locked the trunk. You see, I was nearly ready when he came."

"Yes," said Selma gloomily, and she sat down. Clotilda went to the glass,

arranged her hat at the coquettish angle that suited her, and carefully tied on her veil.

"Tom says I'm prettier than ever," she said.

"Are you happy, Clotilda?" said Selma in her deep tragic voice.

"Happy? Rather! dear old girl," said Clotilda; and the next moment she had danced across the room, perched on the arm of her sister's chair and was kissing her affectionately.

"I wish you were half as happy," she went on. "I wish—but I know you won't take my advice—I wouldn't have taken yours yesterday."

"You ought not to kiss me, Clotilda," said Selma.

"Why? You haven't got a sore throat, have you?" and Clotilda danced away again and looked at her sister anxiously.

"I've betrayed you—twice," said Selma.

"Betrayed me? Who to and what about?"

"About Nicholas—to your husband. I wrote to him in June and told him he ought to come and fetch you away."

"So did Michael," said Clotilda. "What an officious family I have. However, if you brought Tom here——"

"This morning I met him before he saw you, and I told him you were going to London with Deminski."

"But you didn't know it. No one knew it but Nicholas and me."

"I guessed it. I was sure," said Selma.

"Well, you were a sneak," said Clotilda sitting down by her sister again. "and I have never known you a sneak before. What has come to you, Selma?"

"You know," said Selma.

Her tragic tone sobered the merry mood of the happier girl. Clotilda put her arms around her sister again.

"Well—I'm going," she said, and that was all she could say at the mo-

ment. Her thoughts ran from the past to the future, and she remembered what Deminski had said of Selma, but with the newly awakened sense that found him wanting she could not wish for his union with her sister or say a word to further it.

"Don't worry," she said soon, and Selma knew that they were friends again. Then Tom appeared to say the cab was waiting, and there were farewells both at the house and at the station, where Bob and Camilla accompanied them. Then there was a long pleasant journey and an arrival in London and a surprise telegram to Michael inviting him to dine with them at their hotel. It was an immense relief to Michael to see his sister united to her husband again and to a man he liked as unreservedly as he liked Crewe.

"I knew you and Tom would get on," Clotilda said to her brother just before she sailed. "You have the same ideas and prejudices. I'm as fond of Tom as I can be, but sometimes I feel like a hawk on his owner's wrist. I want to break loose and fly into the air."

"Or into the gas," said Michael.

"You're thinking of Deminski. Did Tom tell you that he found me just going off to Paris with him?"

"What?" cried Michael, for of course Tom had not said a word about it. But Clotilda told him the whole story.

"You see," she said, "I had rather forgotten Tom, but directly I saw him again I knew I should have to do what he wanted. Deminski seemed to puff out like a candle. But I should be quite pleased to see him again. He is far more interesting to talk to than Tom."

"I wonder if he has gone back to Carbay," said Michael.

That question was settled next day by a letter to Crewe from Bob thanking him for news of the parrot, which Tom had seen more than once when he

had gone with Clotilda to the corner house to pack her possessions, and imploring him not to forget the savage, whom he desired in the shape of a Zulu armed for battle.

"He can have Clotilda's room," he finished, "and I dare say you had better let Mummy know what he likes for breakfast. Deminski has grape nuts. He came back next day and said the hotel was beastly. I wish I could have the savage at once. I should tell him to dance a war dance and hiss the way Mummy heard them at Earl's Court and frighten Deminski out of the house. Besides, I shall soon be rather too old to play with a savage."

The letter arrived at night when Michael was present, and Crewe handed it to him without comment. Both men looked astonished and annoyed.

"He is shameless," said Michael.

"What's up?" said Clotilda and read the letter in her turn.

"I suppose he may still be our brother-in-law," she said when she put it down.

"I think I'll run down there for a week," said Michael when Clotilda's disturbing and offensive suggestion had taken root in his mind; and next day he arranged with Mr. St. Erth, who had come back to business, to do this and to start two days later. Mrs. Severin, Camilla, and Bob met him at the station, and they were still part of a straggling procession ascending a narrow path that led to the high road when Bob attracted general attention by saying in his high young voice:—

"I was drowned this morning."

"Get on, Bob," said Michael, who was behind him.

"But he speaks the truth," said Mrs. Severin. "If it had not been for the bravery of a dog you would have arrived in time for your brother's funeral."

"There's the dog," cried Bob with a

sudden yell of delight. "Look, Michael! Oh, why don't you look quickly?"

Michael had done his best to oblige the child by craning his neck in the right direction, and he had actually caught sight of a large black retriever racing from the sea across the sands with a stick in his mouth. The moment's delay allowed the people behind to pass him by, and when he spoke to his mother again they were well out of hearing.

"What happened?" he asked.

"It was terrible—terrible," said Mrs. Severin. "I can hardly speak of it yet."

Michael glanced at Camilla.

"Bob got out of his depth," she said.

"But you and Selma swim."

"None of us were in the water. The tide was out ever so far, and we were up against the cliffs. We could hardly see what was happening."

"Bob must never go in alone again," Michael said to his mother.

"I wasn't alone," piped Bob; "Deminski was there. We were having a race. I can swim very well, Michael. I'll have a race with you to-morrow."

"What happened?" said Michael again, and again he looked at Camilla.

"We don't quite know," said the girl. "Bob says he felt himself sinking, and called out."

"That's all I can remember," said Bob proudly; "after that I was drowned."

"He is fearfully hurt if you tell him he wasn't drowned," Camilla whispered to Michael. "I looked up by chance and saw people in the distance running, and as Bob was in the water I ran too. By the time I got to the water's edge there was a little crowd round Bob—he had just opened his eyes. They say the dog got hold of him first."

"What was Deminski doing then?"

"I met him as I ran across the sands. He was coming back to the tent. He

looked wild—as if someone was after him—and he was holding his head. I thought at first it was he who had been hurt, but when I tried to speak he waved me off and rushed on."

"What explanation does he give?"

"None," said Mrs. Severin. "The poor fellow is a good deal upset. He has a bad headache. We left him lying on the sofa."

"I wonder what you would have called him if Bob had been drowned," said Michael.

"I am sorry for every one who suffers, whether he deserves it or not," said Mrs. Severin. "I have not forgiven Nicholas, but I have lent him my menthol for his headache. I wish you would not talk as if Bob could have been drowned, Michael. It makes me tremble all over again as I did when I saw him lying on the sand with a crowd round him."

"I *was* drowned," said Bob indignantly; "I couldn't be more dead if I'd been buried. I had to go straight to bed. The dog's master carried me up the hill. I only came to meet you because I wanted to tell you about it. I don't feel at all well now. Could I have some bananas? They always do me good, and we shall pass the girl who sells them directly."

"I should like to see the dog's master," said Michael while Bob was buying his bananas. "Did you find out who he was?"

Camilla said she would know him by sight, and that he had told her he was a doctor, but she had not heard his name. Michael gathered from her story that they had all been too much flurried to ask for that, although their thanks had been profuse.

"Mummy kissed him," said Bob.

"Yes," said Camilla. "He turned red and bolted down the hill before we could find out anything."

"How could I help it?" asked Mrs. Severin, "when I saw my child alive in

his arms and thought of what might have been—"

"Deminski says—" began Camilla.

"Oh, don't quote that worm to me again," exclaimed Michael, his anger and impatience rising to his lips. He walked on alone without seeing that Camilla hung back unhappily, supposing that she had displeased him. He walked so quickly that he was soon ahead of the others, but he knew how to find the cottage, because Camilla had pointed it out from below. No one was in the small front garden, and the blinds of a bow window were drawn down. He went in, opened the door of that room first, and found, as he had expected, that Selma and Deminski were there. Deminski lay on the sofa with a handkerchief tied round his head, and Selma sat beside him.

"Go away!" she cried angrily the moment she heard Michael's hand on the door, and then as he walked into the room her voice and manner changed.

"Oh, it's you!" she said coldly.

Michael stood still at first and looked at his sister and the man on the sofa. The door, which he had left open, let in a flood of light and air. Selma was still frowning, and she did not come forward to meet her brother, Deminski had his eyes shut, and he groaned as if the light and noise tormented him.

"Is Mr. Deminski ill?" said Michael.

"He has neuralgia," said Selma; "he wants perfect quiet. Will you please go away, Michael, and shut the door?"

"No," said Michael coming further into the room. "You go away, Selma, please; I want to be left here—with Mr. Deminski."

He was too angry to speak with much consideration either for his sister or her invalid. His voice had an edge that cut through their self-complacency, and he stood there waiting for Selma to obey him.

"What have you to say to Mr.



Deminski?" she asked, but she rose from her chair sullen and unwilling, yet compelled by her brother's wrath. He did not answer her question, but he met her glance, and she went out of the room, because she felt certain that she must. Michael looked quite ready to put her out, she thought. For a moment she stood in the passage, calling herself a coward, wondering why she did not venture in again. Then she went into the opposite room and waited.

Michael had gone to the window and pulled up the centre blind before he spoke. He hated the semi-darkness and the stuffy air of the room. It smelt of eau-de-Cologne and menthol. When he got back he saw that Deminski had put his feet to the ground and was sitting up, but he had not removed the handkerchief from his head.

"What do you want with me?" he said. "I'm ill."

"Then why don't you go to bed and have a doctor?" said Michael.

"All doctors are knaves," said Deminski. "I would not allow one to touch me."

"It was not the doctor who behaved like a knave this morning," said Michael.

Deminski clutched his head with both hands and groaned.

"Have you no delicacy?" he said in a hollow voice.

"No, I've not," said Michael.

"Can't you see? Can't you feel? Don't you understand what I suffer? I am quite frank about it. Frankness is my virtue. I heard the child cry out."

"And you turned your back on him and swam to shore. People saw you, I suppose. It wouldn't be much use lying about it."

"Why should I lie? I am not a god. I am a human being like you, like the rest. I behaved like a coward. Well—I admit it. I assure you it is not a

pleasant experience to behave like a coward. The moment is graven in my memory for ever—and, after all, who is in anguish? Not the child, not the dog, but ME. My nerves are quivering with pain. I have always maintained that all men who were not fools were cowards at heart. Now I know it. I am not one of your wooden heroes who meet death smiling because they are not sensitive. I am a man of vision and imagination."

"I should like to shake you like a rat," said Michael slowly.

"I felt sure you would take that view," said Deminski as he turned back to his sofa cushions, buried his head in them, and sobbed. Michael turned on his heel and got as far as the door. Then he changed his mind and came back again; he hardly knew what to do or say next.

"I wonder you are here to meet me," he said at last.

Deminski raised his head and looked at the young man standing over him. His small sharp eyes were contracted with pain, his eyelids were discolored, his tears were still wet on his cheeks.

"Do you mean on account of Clotilda or Bob?" he said with a sort of naïveté that both enraged and dumbfounded Michael.

"Have you no shame?" he said.

"What is shame? I am agitated. My nerves will be upset for days. Is that shame? To-night I shall have bad dreams. The events of the day will repeat themselves again. I shall swim ashore—again I shall cross the stony *plage* as if the furies were after me; I will show you the cuts on my feet if you like. When I reached my tent I sank exhausted on the ground; I was not even thankful to be alive. The thought of the child's mother troubled me, for I have a tender heart. The child himself would not have suffered as I am suffering now. One must take a reasonable view of things."

"Look here," said Michael "if you're well enough to talk you're well enough to travel."

"To travel! Where to?"

"That's your affair."

"Do you mean—that you want me—to—GO?"

"I do."

"But Bob is alive and well, and Clotilda is with her stupid respectable husband. What harm have I done after all?"

"What do you know of Clotilda's husband? You didn't stop to see him."

"I did see him—from a window. He has a voice like Fafner. Besides, Selma has told me of him. She says that henceforth Clotilda will live in a cage and imagine that she is happy. I would have saved her from such a fate. I am sorry that your attitude is so unfriendly, Mr. Severin. I adore your mother and sisters, and I am eager to open my arms to you. Unfortunately your ideas are obsolete, while mine are the ideas of to-morrow. I assure you it is only ideas that keep us apart."

"As long as we keep apart, never mind what does it," said Michael beginning to wonder whether anything short of physical force would rid him of the man.

"I am afraid you are shocked because Clotilda consented to go with me to Paris—but I am shocked because she went to London with her husband. I am sure her high nature will henceforth be stifled; therefore from my point of view she has committed a crime. Do you never try, Mr. Severin, to understand another man's point of view? Can you not sympathize with opinions that are not your own? Your brow is so intelligent—I am sure you are not as stupid as Fafner. Poor Clotilda! To think of her in an English home, when she might have been in Paris, with me—we should have spent our evenings in a cheap café with others

who are free—she, poor creature, will be yawning by her own fireside; it is in a café that you learn to be sociable and have beautiful manners, Mr. Severin, because you must consort there with a variety of men. The Englishman in his home hugs and enforces his superannuated ideas, and the result is complete stagnation—moral, mental, and social. When you violently refused to meet the Kremisks you behaved like the traditional Englishman who is a byword throughout Europe for his hypocrisy and narrowness."

Michael was standing at the window while Deminski, talking at a great rate and with evident uneasiness, poured out these disjointed remarks at the other man's back. Michael was watching the slow arrival of his mother with Camilla and Bob, and wondering what he had better do next. The thing jabbering from the sofa was made of such poor stuff that his anger lost force as he listened to it, and he felt as a man might who went out with a flaming sword to kill a dragon and found in its place an insect that he could crush with his foot. Certainly he could put it out of the house, but the last thing he desired was a brawl. Mrs. Severin and Camilla were through the front gate now, and in another moment would probably be in the room. Camilla had seen him at the window already, and waved her hand. He turned to address Deminski again, and found that the invalid had stolen quietly from the sofa and was standing in full view of the road; so Camilla must have seen him too. He still wore his interesting bandage.

"I don't want a row before my mother and sisters——" began Michael.

"Here they are!" said Deminski with a smile of malicious relief.

"But you must leave the house."

"Dear Mrs. Severin," said Deminski, rushing to the door as his hostess opened it, and seizing her hands in his.

"You will be glad to hear that my neuralgia is a little—a very little—better. Your menthol has done it good."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Severin, speaking with the offended stiffness of a weak nature that has a quarrel but does not know how to carry it on.

"It is so much better that I think I may be able to travel by to-morrow—or next day," continued Deminski, with a side glance at Michael.

"But you told us this morning you could stay another week," said Selma, who had come into the room too. "You mustn't think of travelling till you have quite recovered."

"It is your brother who wishes me to go," he sighed.

"Michael!" cried Selma sharply.

"He cannot forgive me. I dare say he is right."

"I felt like that all the afternoon," said Mrs. Severin.

"You—you!" bleated the injured man; "but I look on you as a mother—does a mother ever desert her child?"

"You deserted mine this morning," said Mrs. Severin.

"It is true," moaned Deminski. "I shall never forgive myself."

"Isn't he an ass?" said Bob in an audible undertone to Michael. He was standing with his elder brother in the window, while Deminski, with Mrs. Severin and Selma on either side of him, sat on the sofa.

"If you feel like that, I suppose I must forgive you," said Mrs. Severin, whose wrath was weakening every moment. "After all, Bob is safe and sound."

"Thanks to a dog," said Deminski. "Your son condemns me and admires

The Times.

the dog. He does not perceive that we both acted on instinct."

"I've had enough talk," said Michael impatiently. "Come along, Bob."

"Did he really tell you to go?" said Mrs. Severin to her guest when her son had left the room.

"He was very rude," said Deminski; "I have not found him at all sympathetic. If he stays, I fear that I must go."

"Perhaps when he has had a walk with Bob he will feel differently about it," said Mrs. Severin. "You can't wonder if he is annoyed, Nicholas—you see, he doesn't stop to think about psychology and all that sort of thing in the way you do. If he had been in the sea, he would just have grabbed at Bob and brought him into shallow water, as the dog did."

"Mentally," said Deminski, "the dog and he are nearer each other than he and I. His mind is very limited—I can't honestly say that he has the family brains at all. Where does he come from, dear Mrs. Severin?"

"I do *not* consider Michael a fool," said Mrs. Severin, beginning to bristle at once. "He may not be as clever as you are, Nicholas. I don't say he is—but—"

"I have told you from the beginning," said Selma, "Michael is a Philistine. He is filled up with stodgy insular ideas. He is the kind of man who would die for his country."

"You describe him exactly," said Deminski. "Now I am cosmopolitan. All countries are the same to me, and I would not die for any of them. I am I, and if I die I'm done, and then where should I be?"

"I have no idea," said Mrs. Severin dreamily.

(To be continued.)

## THE DIVINE ELEMENT IN LITERATURE. \*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

Two Lectures delivered at Yale in 1906 have led up to this large treatment of a question always fascinating and never wholly resolved—the bearing namely, of Christian truth on humane letters. From the advertisement I gather that Mr. Chapman has published other works on cognate subjects, and from the book itself that he comes of a New England Puritan stock, but is no strong Calvinist, though upholding in the main such articles of faith as Calvin taught by inheritance from antiquity. Feeling with his American audience a sort of distaste for what is called dogma, and like them practising a gentle optimism, the author becomes frequently indefinite by excess of good nature. One might say with a smile that he resembles his travelling countryman who saw in the Alps only a slight rising ground. But the Alps cannot be reconciled off the face of the earth. Religion is divine; literature is human. Though Christianity be a religion of the book, possessing its inspired volumes, yet nations have lived by it that never read the Bible; and we may ask where religion lurks in the mixed multitude of writers who have amused or corrupted the nineteenth century without a glance towards the holy place. Literature, science, art, each has its appropriate aim and method. How does religion, which is not of this world, affect any of them?

If Mr. Chapman were a follower of Dante, he would be at no loss for a standard whereby to guide himself through these literary masterpieces, assigning to this one and that its Catholic value. But in his never very rigid handling it would often seem as though

whatever was genuinely human must also be divine. This, I cannot help thinking, leaves the reader much as it found him. Is all kindness Christian, even that of a Jew like Moses Mendelssohn? Or all humor, including Heine's and not forgetting Carlyle's "Exodus from Houndsditch"? Or every instance of devoted love, however criminal, provided it involve self-sacrifice? I grant that if we identify human pathos, benevolence, affection, and sense of incompleteness with religion, we may seize our good in many a page where else it would be undiscoverable. But in that identification the character of both qualities appears to be lost. We object to the "Religion of Humanity" that it is not religion, because not transcending man; from which I conclude to the necessity of a divine element, *sui generis* and distinguishable as such, in any literature to be associated with Christian ideas.

Here the difficulty begins. Every one perceives in the "Divina Commedia" how religion may inspire a supreme poem, perhaps the greatest of all. A similar incarnation of supernatural powers and beliefs we have seen in "The Dream of Gerontius." On a lower level stands "The Christian Year," as being meditative rather than dramatic; but its literary value remains. The strange exciting lyrics of Francis Thompson yield a perfume and a savor like Solomon's Song; their plety is a flame kindled at the cross; their craftsmanship has won admiration from the most fastidious. Literature marks them for its own. Of women-poets, E. B. Browning, unequal or sentimental in her verses, would have left us but an indifferent legacy if religion had not touched her minor chords. The strong, austere Christina

\*"English Literature and Religion: 1800-1900." By Edward Mortimer Chapman. 8s. 6d. net. (London: Constable; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Rossetti struck from her heart a wonderful music, passionate, tender, imaged, and glowing, not to be silenced for ages. We turn to the men-singers who reigned under Victoria; is it needful to quote "In Memoriam," or "A Death in the Desert," or *per antiphrasin*, as irreligious and therefore still bearing on our subject, Swinburne's alliterative rhythms of unbelief, the sceptic and epicurean stanzas of "Omar Khayyam"? Even a dilettante who should care for none of these things could not enjoy the subtle harmonies of Tennyson, the rude effective eloquence of Browning, without for the while throwing himself into their attitude of seekers or finders in the transcendental realm. On regarding poetry so colored, so controlled, by motives which are superhuman, as belonging to another world, there can be no debate among critics. But when we pass from apologies for the creed or attacks upon it to general literature, we enter a tangled forest.

Mr. Chapman holds that letters stand indebted to religion at one time or another for their subject, language, treatment, and for the training which many great writers have received in childhood. He is copious on the Puritan influences which went towards shaping Cowper, Carlyle, Emerson, nay, Macaulay and Newman, or even Stuart Mill through his father's Scottish education. Ruskin is a product of the same school, though he beat the master and ran away to Assisi. But all the men I have named, excepting Cowper, were renegades from Geneva. And what of Burns, the lawless one? Was it by loyal adhesion to the religious thought impressed upon them, or by vehement revolt against it, that the Carlyles and the Emersons made their name? The Scots were Puritans; but they were Norsemen, Celts, Picts, long before, whence came the savage or "pawky" humor we find in their judg-

ment of life. The author may fancy it to be somehow Christian; what if I should point out its anticipations in Iceland saga and the "Fyling of Loki"? There was not much religion cleaving to the old Scandinavian pirates; but they had plenty of humor. If we are to discern New Testament features in every one that has laughed, tenderly or grimly, at man's adventures in his passage from deep to deep, we shall have to bring forward as eminent examples Lucian, Voltaire, Rabelais, when most rebellious against decorum. I do not mean prudishly to deny that a Walt Whitman is sometimes an excellent preacher though his vocabulary falls into the mud. I am asking a different question which this book, full as it is of good reading and wise thoughts, does not answer. Allow that if the moral aspects of character be flung aside humor will perish, must we call this dependence of the pathetic or the ludicrous on a scale of values by a religious name? Our volume cites Mr. Hardy, whose epic fragments—the Wessex tales and tragedies—lead swiftly down to the dark, losing their humor as faith in the supernatural undergoes eclipse. It adds, not unfairly, George Eliot; and perhaps George Meredith should not be passed over in this connection. But remark that all three had grown up among Christian folk, and could not escape altogether from their childhood's memories. To them, more than to most, the world would appear out of joint, as it now lies fever-stricken, debating its problem of belief or unbelief. No wonder if in their later productions melancholy holds sway. Yet so long as a suspicion of any higher element survives in man, humor, be it grave or gay, will break out. The extreme instance I take to be Swift's Yahoos, dreadful as the grave but significant by contrast of the spiritual dignity which shines amid corruption and will redeem it.

These are deep matters. I could have wished that a writer so frankly on the side of the angels (a good phrase, though Disraeli invented it) had faced them directly. He looks up with veneration to Cardinal Newman, though giving, I know not why, a curiously inadequate account of that prince among English classics, and only by a passing allusion adverting to the "Dream," which stands high above the religious poems of the century. Well, it is Newman who takes the bolder line and who, while granting that "Christianity has thrown gleams of light" on man and his literature, declares "it will be found, and ever found, as a matter of course, that literature as such, no matter of what nation, is the science or history, partly and at best of the natural man, partly of man in rebellion." He draws the inference without faltering, "If literature is to be made a study of human nature, you cannot have a Christian literature."

In like manner as regards the literary exhibition of science in a Huxley or a Tyndall. We may doubtless remind the crowd that Darwin did his utmost to keep out of religious controversies; that evolution is susceptible of a theistic commentary; and that biology does not discredit revelation. But from Lucretius onwards it is plain that poets and philosophers, equal in grandeur of expression, may take opposite sides. The fallacy which I am severe upon, and which may not be Mr. Chapman's, is apparently this, that any *Weltanschauung*—a world system however conceived—is sure to turn out religious at last. I do not think so. The Alps remain as a dividing-line. There is no more likelihood of ending controversy by an appeal to literature than by an appeal to physical science. I can collect arguments from both, and I do; I cannot take either as by itself deciding in favor of religion. Reading

Shelley with my Catholic eyesight or insight (whichever it be) I may welcome "Prometheus Unbound" as a poetic version of the Christian world-tragedy, expressed with beauty and power. To his own generation, to those who seem his true disciples, Shelley's poem rings like an indictment of Theism. How are we to settle the dispute? Man, says Newman once more, "looks back on himself, and he reads his own thoughts and notes them down, looks out into the universe, and tells over and celebrates the elements and principles of which it is the product. Such is man: put him aside, keep him before you; but whatever you do, do not take him for what he is not, for something divine and sacred, for man regenerate."

The Cardinal knew what he was saying; and it might be illustrated afresh from George Meredith and R. L. Stevenson, whom our book assigns to the same category because they both held that life was worth living, although I could easily prove that they did so on opposite grounds. Stevenson held to the heart of Christianity; Meredith was satisfied with life, apart from any religious meaning. The upshot appears to be that since literature is personal, its character and spirit will vary with its author; men of genius, humor, wit and wisdom, have sometimes been passionately devoted to religion, at other times have cast it from them in scorn, and yet again have not taken it into account at all. The literary form is always human, whatever its contents; it requires no encouragement from the transcendental; it neither flourishes nor decays in accordance with religious beliefs; it is man's speech to himself and his fellows, registering all his moods, among them his emotions touching the unseen. The saints need not be men of letters; and men of letters have rarely been saints. I praise Mr. Chapman's learned, pleasant, and in many



ways suggestive volume. He shows that religion may furnish a grand theme to literature; and perhaps in so doing he has overcome the prejudice of

The Bookman.

an idle time, which chatters about art because art is not serious, and asks only to be enjoyed.

## SEDAN, AND THE HUMAN ASPECT OF WAR.

### A RECOLLECTION.

The 1st of September 1870, the day of the great disaster suffered by France. Forty years have now intervened since that fateful day. Few of the older generation can realize that so many years, only ten less than half a century, separate them from an event which altered the whole balance of power in Europe and wiped out traditions which had become articles of faith. To us of this older generation the great Franco-German War seems still to be a disaster of comparatively recent occurrence, and one of which the final consequences are still unfulfilled. All that has since happened suggests an interregnum, and that so much so that it is difficult to regard the present order as final. The Government of France suffers from an ill-disguised sense of uneasiness and an absence of that unenforced national cohesion which makes for national unity and constitutional permanence. Successive Governments seem compelled by some irresistible force to pass from extreme action to still more extreme action, and that, whether the direction be one placating its uncertain supporters, or that of crushing the power of the real or imagined body of its opponents. The power which governs this policy resides not inside but outside of its Ministry—a power which may hasten the final fulfilment. All this justifies the use of the word “interregnum,” as indicating that the final consequences of the war still remain to be fulfilled.

The great disaster of Sedan is still

clearly outlined in the mind of every Frenchman, and this remembrance of that disaster and the results national and governmental which have risen out of it constitute an influence which affects the country individually and collectively.

The contracted frontier is lined with troops, whose wary eyes look always towards the lost provinces. The German ghost is always present. The victors, too, line their new frontier, and they, too, have their ghost. They would gladly rest content with their triumphs and gains, but fear compels them not to neglect a single precaution, not to accept the least risk however great the cost may be. The primary result of the war was to strengthen monarchy and individualism in Germany, and to wipe out monarchy and open the door to collectivism in France.

Sedan marked the close of the real war. The only anniversary celebrated each year in Germany is that of Sedan. The battle of Sedan was and will ever remain, as in the case of Waterloo, an event which marks a new period in the history of Europe and its systems. No one can detract from the splendid effort made after Sedan by a chivalrous and patriotic nation, which with raw levies struggled for six weary months to redeem the succession of defeats which culminated in the rat trap of Sedan. This effort, made under circumstances of unparalleled difficulties—political, military, and financial—earned for France the unstinted and enthusiastic

admiration of the nations, but it was hopeless from the beginning.

The real war opened with the formal Declaration dated the 19th of July 1870. Thereupon the two armies advanced to the frontier. The plan of campaign of the Imperial army of France was to invade Germany, prevent any junction between the North and South German armies, deal with the enemy in detail, and finally to march on Berlin. The cry in every part of France was "A Berlin! A Berlin!" The Rhine was to be crossed in the neighborhood of Strasbourg. The German plan was to be the first to cross the frontier, invade France and make it the battlefield of the great war, with Paris as the final objective. The French staff had been supplied with maps of Germany and with none of their own country. The German staff had maps of both countries.

Confusion, unpreparedness, and lax discipline prevented the invasion of Germany, for which alone any preparation had been made. Many corps were without their artillery, baggage train, and ambulances, which still remained behind choking the French railways. The reserves of regiments were still seeking their headquarters. The War Office in Paris was almost powerless in face of the administrative *débâcle* which faced it at every turn—the result of incapacity, and in not a few cases due to causes more deplorable. The original plan of campaign was abandoned, and one of a purely defensive character passively accepted.

At the commencement of the war the total French force was about 419,000, of which 300,000 constituted what was termed the "Army of the Rhine." The total German force was double that of the total French force.

The French army was nominally under the sole command of the Emperor Napoleon; in reality every *corps d'armées* was under separate and independent

control. There was no head to the body, the separate members were imperfectly attached, and the whole suffered from disorganization and general unpreparedness. The German force was fully equipped and organized. Every component part was perfect in itself. Every section was connected the one with the other, working harmoniously. It was a huge machine of which every part was perfect, and the whole was operated by one expert engineer at the head.

The German campaign was undisturbed by political or dynastic troubles at home. The nation was united. It was to be a war of nations.

The French campaign of defence suffered grievously at every step by reason of the intrusion of dynastic and political questions into the military councils of French commanders. Sedan was one result of such interference. Mac-Mahon's decision to fall back on Paris was countermanded.

The politico-dramatic battle of Saarbrücken on the 2nd of August was the first in the war. There the Prince Imperial received his "baptism of fire." It marked the starting point of the forced retreat of the French army—the Imperial army—which culminated at Sedan. Between Saarbrücken and Sedan there were only thirty-two summer days. Within this short span of days there was constant fighting, including the battle of Wörth, Gravelotte, and others. The road from Saarbrücken to Sedan was a long and wide track of blood, of dead and dying, of destruction and ruin, the mounds of dead marking the localities of the great battles which followed each other in rapid succession.

The military aspects of the war have been described and discussed fully in the various works written on the subject, and need no recalling; they lie in the sphere of the military critic and student. There is, however, another aspect of war—one seldom considered—

and that is the human aspect in contradistinction to the military aspect. It is that with which I propose to deal. The study of this aspect was induced by the painfully delightful books—if this expression may be allowed—of Erckmann-Chatrian, read and re-read many times over. I had long waited for the opportunity, and Sedan provided it. To understand and appreciate this phase of the question it seemed to me that the best method available would be to visit and study the battlefield itself, with all its horrors; and, if possible, to spend a night alone with the dead. When, therefore, news of the great defeat was published, I started to carry out this object. The impressions and the experiences of that night were fully confirmed by my further personal experiences on many occasions during my service in the second part of the war.

To reach Sedan was possible only by the Belgian frontier. The nearest point was at Bouillon, on the Belgian side, almost above Sedan, and within a distance of a few miles. The Belgians on the frontier were in a condition of nervous excitement. Each one narrated his version of the two days' fighting, how he had heard before daylight on the morning of the 1st of September the roaring of big guns, and their cessation in the afternoon. They knew that the Emperor and his army had capitulated, and that both were prisoners of war. They rejoiced that the Prince Imperial had been sent away safely before the battle, and discussed his future prospects as Emperor. Little did they—nor, indeed, could any one—foresee that this prospect was to be cut short by the spear of a Zulu in the long grass of South Africa, where this heir of the great Napoleon met his death.

When my intention to cross the frontier and visit the scenes of the great disaster became known, the graybeards

termed it a madness and predicted many dangers; they would not aid any such folly. The attempt to hire a carriage and guide was a dismal failure. Fortunately at a small farm there was a farm cart, consisting of a few boards fixed transversely on two wheels. The price of the hire of this ancient creaking structure equalled about its full value. A farm servant agreed, in consideration of a sum amounting to about three months' wages, to act as driver and guide. A truss of straw covered the boards of the cart, and beneath the straw was concealed a store of bread, cheese, and what was euphemistically described as wine of the country. We started, sitting one on each side of the shafts, with legs dangling in the air. The road was by a beautiful valley past the ruins of the castle of the great Crusader Godefroy de Bouillon. Passing east of the battlefield by the Villers Cernay road, our first stop was on arrival at Bazeilles.

Bazeilles stood on a promontory to the south of Sedan. During the fight it had formed the extreme right of the French line, and constituted a strong *point d'appui* to the whole. The town of Bazeilles had held a very considerable population. The inhabitants formed a busy, energetic, prosperous people, and prided themselves on their bright, clean, stone-built houses, their churches, factories, industries and markets. To them their town was their world. They were intensely patriotic. The great fortress of Sedan they regarded as impregnable, and they dreamt of victory only. They believed in themselves and the army, and if necessary they would defend themselves and their town. They proved their determination and patriotism<sup>®</sup> when the time arrived, and by a greater sacrifice of life and property than is recorded elsewhere.

Bazeilles had ceased to exist. One house alone remained standing—the

rest was a mass of ruins. This one house stood out like a solitary lighthouse in a sea of ruins. No human living being was to be seen or heard, all nature was hushed, and the silence was unbroken even by the chirrup of a bird. It was silence everywhere, a silence that compressed the heart and hurt one with physical pain. But a few hours since the tornado of battle had raged here with a fierceness that was appalling. Held by strong force of military, it had been defended as the key to the position. Every inlet was protected by hastily raised works, the streets were barricaded, civilian and military fought shoulder to shoulder. From the windows of the houses, which were protected by mattresses and similar contrivances, shots rang out during all the street fighting. Time after time the Germans forced an entrance into the town, and were repelled again and again. The dead and the dying—German and French—littered the streets, and the gutters carried away the commingled blood of friend and foe. Parts of the town had been set on fire by the shells, houses were falling in every direction, imprisoning some women and children crouching in cellars for protection. For long, long hours it was a hell of mad passions, carnage, despair, and death; and then Bazailles disappeared, and the one lone house remained to mark the spot of its former being.

Before this scene of annihilation one could only think of the horror of war. One could do nothing, could take no active step—it was all as wreckage on a shore—the rest had passed away.

After some time, however, there emerged from the lonely house some half dozen living beings—one woman and a child, the rest men—apparently belonging to the well-to-do *bourgeois* class. They approached me with timid step and staring, frightened eyes—eyes of the dead rather than of the living.

Their faces were faces of the tomb, without color or passion. They were evidently starving and too weak to cry or even moan—their whole nervous system had been shattered. For nearly two days and two nights they had lived in the never-ceasing roar of battle, the incessant shrieking of shells, booming of cannon, rattle of rifle, the shrieks of the wounded, and the moans of the dying. Relations, friends and neighbors, property—all had gone, and lay beneath the ruins of their homes. These were all that appeared of the survivors, and they were still dazed and still under the influence of the hell from which they had escaped. They could answer no question: questions seemed to increase the frightened expression of their eyes. Like children, they held out their hands suppliantly. Money they refused, and timidly whispered "Du pain." With my treasured stores they returned to the solitary house. As they did so they looked to right and left as if they feared the approach of some new danger. When they had disappeared silence again reigned.

This was the first picture presented of the human aspect—a picture which finds little consideration during the excitement of war, and which by a common consent is blotted out as quickly as possible.

From this scene of desolation and misery we descended the road into the town of Sedan, which lies on the eastern side of the fortress of that name. The town was naturally crowded with German military, of whom small bodies moved about rapidly and methodically. There were no signs of rejoicing; a cloud seemed to hang over everything and everyone. Very few French were to be seen in the street, and these walked with heads bent and conversed in low tones. On a peninsula lying within a long wide loop formed by the winding of the river Meuse, was en-

camped the disarmed captive French Army, huddled together like sheep in a pen. The ground was a filthy morass and the stench unbearable. Food was scarce, the men were haggard and worn. Many appeared as if in a dream and not yet awake to the realities of their position. They knew only that they were prisoners, and that at any moment the order to march as prisoners of war into Germany might arrive. There was little to choose between their position and that of their comrades buried on the heights above them. Many would have preferred the latter alternative. Heroes many, who had fought their way back from Saarbrücken through disaster after disaster, and this was the end—ragged, starving, and prisoners! The shame, the humiliation, the physical and mental pain—defeat, disgrace, and hunger—can it be wondered that many envied the fate of their dead comrades?

When it grew dark I started to commence the night vigil. The cart was sent on to a given point beyond the main battlefield, there to await me. Passing along the Fonde de Givonne road, which leads out of Sedan, and climbing the ascent to Daigny brought me to the centre of the line of battle and half way between Bazailles, the right of the French line, and Givonne resting on the dense forest. Beyond the forest the second part of the French line extended from Illy through Floing to the river Meuse—the whole forming a semi-circle. Arrived at Daigny the experiences of a night with the dead commenced on the plateau of Haute Givonne.

The silence seemed more oppressive than at Bazailles, which was visited during daylight. The great stretch of the plateau seemed to be separated and cut off from the rest of the world—a thing apart and distinct. The sense of the surrounding deadness, the absence of all sound, and the half-dark-

ness of the summer night produced a feeling of intense loneliness. It was between this point where I then stood and that of Givonne that the final defeat of the French was accomplished and the mad rush down the slopes into Sedan took place.

The plateau was dotted with mounds of earth about five feet high, and beneath these mounds lay some 10,000 warriors who but a day or two since were young, strong, vigorous men and in the prime of their manhood. They had paid the price of national and dynastic ambition. A long streak of white light lined the horizon, all else bore the same tone and the same color. As I passed on it was with a feeling that to do so was a trespass on forbidden ground and almost a desecration. The ground all round was littered with paper—accounts, letters, coverings, and papers of many descriptions. It has ever been a mystery how such a mass of paper was accumulated there—possibly a French force had encamped on the spot a few days before the battle. Rifles, swords, French *képis*, German helmets, cooking cans, water bottles, and other impedimenta lay scattered everywhere. The dead bodies of horses, swollen to double the natural size, lay unburied, stark and stiff with outstretched legs, and already beginning to give forth the stench of mortification. And this picture was not an original, but merely a copy of many others which marked the fields of other great disasters and struggles along the line of retreat from Saarbrücken.

Curiosity led to the examination of many of the scraps of paper. One in particular attracted my attention. It was a letter folded in four to fit the envelope, which was gone. A bullet had pierced the four folds nearly in the centre. There was not sufficient light to read it then. Later on, when read, it proved to be very pathetic. The paper was of the cheap sort used by



poor people. The hole had unmistakably been made by a bullet. When opened out the writing was clearly that of an uneducated person and the spelling indifferent. Homely words in the patois of the district could only be guessed. The concluding words *Tu mère* showed it to be the letter of a mother to a beloved only child. The home was a peasant's in the far away sunny south. The letter began with words of strong maternal love which were meant for his eyes and his alone. Since there was no reference to the father one may suppose that he was dead and that mother and son were alone and all in all to each other. Then there were anxious inquiries as to his health, and how she prayed that the weary watch she kept for his safe return might soon be ended. References to old friends and homely gossip followed, making the whole a jumble of inconsecutive subjects such as might be expected from a person unaccustomed to letter writing. In the letter there was a ring of the old patriotic feeling, an appeal to him to obey his officers in all things and to give his best service to *La Patrie*. As fear entered her heart she gave him the assurance that day and night she prayed to the *Bon Dieu* to protect and bring him back to her—the good son she loved with all her love—and then only *Tu mère*.

And the thought arose—poor broken-hearted mother—may you see him in the next world, for in this you never can. He lies beneath one of those ghastly mounds, unnamed, deserted, and forgotten by all but you.

This simple, pathetic story was but one of many thousands more buried on this field alone—stories of other broken hearts of parents, wives, children, lovers—of worldly ambitions and buoyant hopes—the price of national rivalries and of dynastic contests.

In campaigning the pockets in the

French uniform are filled with a variety of odds and ends. To preserve a letter, a *billet de logement*, and such like, the soldier sometimes carries these documents behind the leather band inside the *képi*. What happened probably was this—the bullet had pierced the side of the *képi* and letter and then entered the brain of the young soldier. As he fell the *képi* dropped off, and eventually the letter was dislodged. There was no address, and so I could not return it—and perhaps, one may hope, it was better so. This little letter of a mother to her son, one of the victims of war, fluttering on the field of battle, picked up by a stranger, conjures up another picture of the human aspect of war and points a stern moral. Every rifle and other weapon now lying harmless on the ground was interwoven with each its own pathetic story.

As the night progressed towards day-break—the darkness by contrast seemed darker and the silence more oppressive—no living thing had yet disturbed either eye or ear. After a time, however, there was a sound from the direction of the forest. It grew louder, and soon one could recognize the galloping of horses, not an ordinary gallop but a mad one. Presently there appeared rising from behind a slight rise of the ground a body of riderless horses that tore down madly in my direction. There were some fifty or more, and it looked as if they would ride me down. They came on two deep and in perfect line, staring eyes and distended nostrils. When they reached a point within about thirty yards of me they halted dead. All were trembling and greatly excited—some still carried bridles and saddles, these latter in some cases having shifted to the side and even underneath. Several showed wounds, and one more particularly had received a terrible sword cut the length of the shoulder. Were they seeking the old



human companionship, did the loneliness, the awful silence oppress and frighten them too? Who can tell? They continued to stare wildly and to tremble. They listened for a while to some soothing words, but on an attempt to approach them they, as if obeying the word of command, wheeled to the left in perfect order and dashed madly back into the darkness of night from which they had emerged—and silence reigned once more. A more painful and gruesome sight it is difficult to conceive, and yet it appeared to be in harmony with the surroundings. Curiously the spot where these horses appeared was between the Calvaire of Illy and Givonne, where the last attempt was made to break the ring of the enclosing German force. It was there that the French cavalry had made those gallant charges time after time which evoked almost the applause of the enemy. The dead bodies of the horses killed were numerous at this spot and still remained unburied.

The faint streak of light on the horizon was growing brighter and proclaimed the approach of dawn. While watching this, my attention was gradually drawn to a black object which stood out perpendicularly to the horizontal streak of light which marked the horizon of the plateau. Looking again, the object, or rather the black figure, had grown larger and seemed to have approached nearer. It came slowly in my direction, but there was nothing about it, except the slow, steady advance, to indicate its character. With something of a creepy sensation I moved towards the direction of its path, rested against one of the mounds, and waited its arrival. As the dis-

tance between us grew less, this gliding something gave forth a humming or whispering sound, which added to the mystery. It passed within an arm's length and, as it transpired, unconscious of my presence. It was a priest. My night watch and the surroundings tended to add to the apparent mystery. He had been to, or was going on, some mission of mercy, and, probably oppressed by the silence and the desolation through which he was passing, looked neither to the right nor to the left. It was the first and only human being I had met or seen during that dismal night. As he passed I recognized the words of the *De Profundis*, the intoning of which had caused the unaccountable humming sound. The long *soutane* had concealed the movement of the limbs, the arms crossed on the chest, and the effect of the growing light behind the figure had concealed its character and suggested something mysterious and ghostly. As he passed away, the light of the dawn seemed to pursue him and light his path. It warned me also that my vigil was ended.

My night vigil was ended. The experience I desired and which had attracted me to this plain of the dead had been obtained, and one picture of the human aspect of war was engraven on my mind. The time to take leave of these silent companions of the night had arrived. Repeating the words I had just heard whispered by the mysterious figure, *Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine*, I rendered the *dernier salut aux morts* and passed away from scenes the mental pictures of which are as clear to-day as then.

Bernard C. Molloy.

## MONSIEUR FELICITE.

Of all French towns Villeton is least touched by modern influences; it lies (like a pearl-gray shell) between the arms of a brown-backed hill—over it the sky is, during most of the year, a burning blue, and out of it rise, like hands stretched out to bless, the two white towers of the cathedral.

It had remained altogether mediæval in spite of its railway, for its tower and its cathedral have kept it so; the tower is the "Tour du Prince Noir," but nobody knows why it is called that—it is gray and tumbling and stands on a little green hill where daffodils and snowdrops blow white and yellow in the spring.

A steep hill and every little crooked street in the town leads up to the old church. It fills one side of the market-place and from its great carved door and its myriad-colored windows looks down on all the busy chattering life of the place.

Monsieur Félicité lived on the other side of the square opposite the cathedral.

If you were to go and stay at Villeton nowadays—in the summer it is very hot, but in the spring there is no place pleasanter—you will hear them refer to him continually. He ruled like a little king there in his day, and yet he was one of the gentlest and mildest of men, and never quarrelled with anybody except on the one great occasion about which I am going to tell you.

There are pictures of him scattered about, and one rather fine painting in the big *salle* of the "Soleil Rouge"—much the best inn in the place. The work is amateurishly done, but something of the vitality and humor of the man is caught by it. He is wearing the faded brown tail-coat that he always had, light at the waist, with round shiny buttons at the back; brown

velveteen trousers, very wide and baggy; and a great brown bow of a tie falling over his white frilled shirt. But the face is irresistible. I never knew him personally, but I have sat gazing at that picture for I'm ashamed to say how long, loving those brown eyes twinkling with good humor and that fine strong mouth just turning up at the corners into a little ghost of a smile. His hair was white when the picture was painted—curly and cropped close to his head.

He was short and a little stout and he always carried a black silver-topped stick with which he tapped, like a cheerful robin, about the streets. Give him a soft hat, large and shady but of no particular shape, and you have him complete—Monsieur Bonaparte Félicité!

I know nothing about his earlier history—it is better to leave that alone; to think of him as young and stern and perhaps impetuous and callous is to think of some one else altogether. For the town he is always that little round merry figure with his white hair and brown tie—they refuse to believe that he was ever anything else. His rooms are still very much as he left them—dark and low-roofed with a wide, open fireplace with little brown tiles and a faded green carpet sprinkled with red roses. There used to be an ancient brown cabinet in the corner, and the old piano was against the wall by the door—those things have gone.

He was always to be seen drinking his tea in the window as the evening began to enfold the little town and the shadows crept like ghosts across the market-place. His lamp would burn like a beacon there as he watched the stars come out one by one over the towers of the cathedral. People would wish him a cheerful "*Bonsoir, monsieur*," as they passed, but he had no relations

of his own; there was only Madame Bette, who looked after him, and, of course, his great friend André.

It is about Monsieur André and the quarrel that he had with Monsieur Félicité that I am going to tell you, for it is always the story that they will tell you first about him. Monsieur André was an enormous giant of a man. There is still a rough little sketch of him at the house of Monsieur Ragulleau, the notary, and it is, they say, a good likeness. He was as broad as he was tall, and extraordinary stories were told of his strength, but his eyes were kind and his mouth smiled. He served in '70 against the Prussians, and to the intimate circle at the "Soleil Rouge" in the evening he would tell the most wonderful stories about those days and the things that he had seen and done.

He was very proud and curiously shy unless you knew him well, and he was a very difficult man to know. He was hopelessly impractical and had no common sense at all, and his rooms were always dreadfully untidy and his clothes uncared for until he became intimate with Monsieur Félicité. He used to forget his meals and go wandering out into the fields and woods, cutting off the heads of the poppies as though they had been so many Prussians and muttering to himself all the time.

He was a very affectionate man, but before he met Monsieur Félicité he had no one to whom to give it all save a kind of mongrel dog called "Boule de Suif" because of its round "podgy" shape, like the poor lady in Maupassant's story. The dog was always with him, and an unpleasant kind of dog it was to every one except its master. Then he met Monsieur Félicité and the dog had to take second place.

Their meeting was under the wide arch of Madame Permon's door in the Rue des Ecoliers in a shower of rain, and afterwards they shared an um-

brella. Monsieur Félicité was always charming to every one, but, on this occasion, he had to do most of the talking, and Monsieur André came in, every now and again, with a "Ha!" or a "Mais, oui!" and at times a surly "Mais, non!" from the back of his throat. It must have been amusing to watch them because Monsieur André refused to hold the umbrella and Monsieur Félicité had to stand on the edge of his toes to keep it high enough. Outside Monsieur Félicité's door they stopped, and for a moment nothing was said; then suddenly Monsieur André shot out his hand and gripped the handle of the umbrella and Monsieur Félicité's fingers so fiercely that the little man winced.

Then the giant turned hurriedly away and, with "Boule de Suif" at his heels, sped round the corner.

After that, Monsieur André was often to be seen in the square; sometimes he would walk round and round, his head down, his arms folded behind his back, his dog at his heels, and not a word would he say to any one. His visit had, apparently, no relation at all to Monsieur Félicité, for he never went near his door nor did he glance up at his window. Once the little man watched him, and at last came out of his house, intending to speak to him, but Monsieur André was round the corner in a moment.

At last he was caught leaning against the wall looking vacantly into space, and, shamefaced and reluctant, he was made to climb the stairs to the room with the green carpet and the brown cabinet. He stared in amazement at the neatness of it and sat down suddenly, without a word—like the Queen of Sheba, "there was no more spirit in him." Monsieur Félicité made tea and talked all the time in the charming, graceful way that he had. He was so humble and tender-hearted a little man that he flung a beautiful light over

everything. "Boule de Suif" loved him at once—as indeed did all children and animals—and soon Monsieur André, being nothing more than a child himself, followed his dog's example.

Then Monsieur André began to talk, and soon his stories were pouring out in a great, tempestuous stream. I don't think that Monsieur Félicité believed it all, even from the first, and, after a time, he misdoubted it altogether, but he would sit in the corner by the fire, smiling, his little hands folded, and every now and again a "*Mais, oui!*" or "*Certainement!*" or "*Mon Dieu!*" shot out like little bullets. I think he took the stories as part of his friend and never minded their impossibility. Sometimes Monsieur André himself wondered whether some especially daring statement could really be true, and he would pause for a moment and look sharply at his friend—but, after an instant's hesitation, conviction would be back again and with a satisfied "*Moi j'étais là!*" he would go on again.

Soon they were inseparable, and all the town knew that it was so. There must have been some jealousy about it, for Monsieur Félicité was the idol of the town and the others did not see why Monsieur André should appropriate him so entirely. They liked the man well enough, and they treated his stories respectfully although they laughed behind his back. He certainly had the grand manner, and he piled Pellon on Ossa with a gesture and a gusto that covered a multitude of untruths. Besides, after all, the people of Villeton were not so very truthful themselves, and a story was always to be saved by its interest rather than its accuracy.

Once a week, on Friday evenings, they went down to the Rue Soleil and smoked with their friends. Monsieur Félicité had never joined these assemblies before; he had gone out very little in the evening, but now Monsieur

André brought him with him and of course he was given the warmest of welcomes. Those Friday gatherings still go on and you can see the very corner in which Monsieur Félicité used to sit—at the back, to the right, under the painting of Monsieur Soul, fat and red-faced, onetime Mayor of Villeton. The room is charming with its low smoke-stained roof, its oak panelling and red-brick floor. An old oak partition rising half-way to the ceiling cuts the room into two, and it was behind this, in the most delicious and intimate privacy, round a large and shining table, that they sat.

There were ten of them at that time—the most celebrated being young Jacques Paturôt, poet and pastry-cook; Monsieur Marteau, the bookseller; and Monsieur Raguilleau, the notary, who was responsible for most of the quarrelling.

Monsieur André sat on his friend's right with "Boule de Suif" at his feet and an enormous pipe in his mouth. He was generally silent until he considered that the crucial moment had come, then he would cough, lean forward over the table and begin. The rest of the company listened somewhat phlegmatically, but they never interrupted, and murmured at times to show that they were attending. Then, his story over, Monsieur André would sink back into his seat again and listen to other people.

After a while Monsieur Félicité began to be worried. He had, by this time, a great affection for his friend and he was very jealous of everything that concerned his reputation. Once he had overheard Monsieur Permon and Monsieur Raguilleau laughing at the stories; they had mocked at Monsieur André in a way that hurt the little man dreadfully. He went back to his room and pondered over the matter.

He knew that, in the future, every

story that his friend told would torture him; those nights at the club, hitherto so gay and delightful, would now be impossible. He could not sit there and listen to his friend and know that those others were laughing to themselves. He had not minded the stories when they were told in his room with no other person there—then it was for himself alone to judge, and he had loved the great rambling boaster far too dearly to judge him severely. It had, indeed, puzzled him a little. Monsieur André, on all other occasions, was modest and retiring, and indeed agreed with his friend in any proposal that was made, but, so soon as '70 was mentioned, the head was raised, the chest swelled, and "*Moi, j'étais là!*" came bursting forth—for a moment cannons roared, corpses lay strewn about the dark little streets of Villeton, and Monsieur André was a hero indeed—even "*Boule de Sulf*" took on a new and splendid grandeur. It was all rather ridiculous perhaps, but so long as there was no audience it mattered nothing at all—the maddening thought was that the whole town should laugh and jeer. Monsieur Félicité was furious at the thought. He thought and thought about it, but could come to no definite conclusion. He realized that his friend was a very sensitive person and that the whole matter was one of extreme delicacy. To tell him publicly would be impossible from every point of view—he could see the startled looks of his friends and he could hear the chatter pass round the room. No, whatever happened, it must be quietly done. At the next meeting in the Rue Soleil it chanced that Monsieur André was more talkative than ever. The stories burst from him as lava from a volcano. It was in Paris and he had rescued a girl, a beautiful girl; he had had to climb with her on to roofs and then there had been only a telegraph-wire between them and death. He

wiped his brow with an enormous red handkerchief at the recollection.

Monsieur Félicité's cheeks burned as he listened. This was the kind of thing at which they all laughed. He watched his friend—so pleased and proud, his hand in the air, his eyes twinkling, and at last that triumphant "*Eh! Moi, j'étais là!*"—then his eyes turned slowly to Monsieur Permon, Monsieur Raguilleau, Monsieur Marteau, Jacques Paturôt and the rest; they were sitting there quietly, gravely, sucking solemnly at their pipes, nodding approvingly as the climax was reached. He could fancy what they were thinking, what they would say afterwards to their wives, even young Paturôt—"That old André and his stories!"

He went back to his rooms very sad at heart, and as he sat gloomily by his fire he made up his mind to speak to his friend.

On the next evening Monsieur André came in to see Monsieur Félicité. He was happy and pleased—it seemed a good moment in which to say something. Monsieur André talked on—things that he had seen in the town: Madame Permon with her green umbrella and her pug; young Paturôt making verses behind the counter and so mixing the parcels, which only proved that it was better to do one thing at a time; funny and perplexing things that that most intelligent of all dogs, "*Boule de Sulf*," had seen fit to do. He rambled on. Monsieur Félicité sat awkwardly in his chair and said nothing—he was wondering how he ought to begin.

The light from the candles mingled with the firelight on the ceiling in little pools and whirling, twisting shadows—it caught the old twisted chairs, the brown cabinet, and at last danced on Monsieur André's nose.

Monsieur Félicité plunged.

"*Mon ami*—" he said, and paused.



"Yes," said Monsieur André, pulling "Boule de Sulf's" ears and looking at the fire.

"There is a thing—that I would like to say." Monsieur Félicité cleared his throat. "I have been wondering a little lately—only a little—about—well, about your stories; the histories, you know, of the war, and the things that you have done."

"Yes," said Monsieur André, apparently gratified. "They are good stories."

"Well," said Monsieur Félicité, stammering in his agitation, "they are good stories—splendid stories—I like to listen, above all things. But—there are the others——"

"What others?" said Monsieur André, looking at his friend in a puzzled way.

"Well, Messieurs Permon, Ragulleau, Marteau . . . and others, our friends . . . they don't believe them, they laugh, they mock—and it hurts me, your friend. They think—that there is too much—that there is exaggeration——"

He paused. Monsieur André said nothing.

Monsieur Félicité went on desperately. "It is not I, you understand, who say that. You are my friend and I hate them to mock. They do it, perhaps, without thought. They do not know. . . ."

There was a long silence. Monsieur André was sitting very stiffly in his chair; the ball in his throat went up and down, and he made little clucking noises like a hen.

"You are my friend," he said at last, slowly, "and you say these things." He spoke in a whisper.

"It is not I," said Monsieur Félicité, "but the others—they say things and laugh. And I love you and I would not have you ridiculous."

At the word "ridiculous" Monsieur André, trembling with anger, rose from his chair; he stood, an enormous figure,

in the firelight, one hand trembling in the air, the other hand clenched.

"You say that you are my friend, that you love me," he said, his voice shaking, "and you tell me that my stories are lies, that——"

"No," broke in Monsieur Félicité, "it is not I who say so——"

"But it is you!" cried Monsieur André with furious triumph. "You, my friend. Pah! take that for your friendship!" and he wildly snapped his fingers. "And those others! Did I not go to them long before you? Have they not listened to my histories and am I such a fool, such a cuckoo, such a stuttering simpleton, that I cannot tell whether they believe them? Am I, indeed? No, it is you who cannot believe what I, your friend, say. A pretty friend! A liar, a knave, a teller of tales!" and Monsieur André again snapped his fingers.

"No, please," Monsieur Félicité, his eyes full of tears, rose from his seat and laid his hand on his friend's arm. Monsieur André shook it off and walked towards the door.

"You have called me a liar! You, my friend!" he shouted. "I have been called a liar and I will never forgive it! Never! Here is an end, for ever, monsieur! Never speak to me again! I know how to value your friendship. You have used language to me that has never been used to an André—it is enough—I shall not forget——"

He flung open the door and stamped furiously into the passage, followed by "Boule de Sulf."

Madame Bette heard most of this from the other side of the keyhole, and that is how I know. Any one in Villeton will tell you the same.

Monsieur Félicité sat miserably in front of his fire, hoping that his friend would return. He knew his impetuous temper and that he ever said more than he really meant, and so he listened eagerly as the steps passed beneath his



window and voices echoed down the street—but Monsieur André did not come. The coals clicked in little golden caverns, the light died, the gray ashes lay in little heaps where the fire had been, the candles jumped wildly up and down as they sank into their silver holders, little winds rose about the house and whistled at the window, the clock in the market-place struck one, and still Monsieur Félicité sat there. He was gone, his friend, and all that had made those last months so beautiful, so happy, was gone too. Whilst it had lasted he had not realized the security of it, the happiness of knowing that there was some one always there who cared for him. . . . He sat miserably reminiscent. In the morning it was all about the town. Madame Bette had heard it, had seen Monsieur André leave the house. "*Oh! quel mauvais caractère! . . . Mais, oui! il était en colère! . . . C'était effrayant!*" They discussed it at every corner.

On the afternoon of the next day they met, and Madame Permon, who saw them, said that it was pitiful. It was in the Rue des Ecoliers at the narrow corner by the cathedral, so that there was really no room at all and their coats brushed as they passed. Monsieur André was walking, his dog at his heels, with his head high and his moustaches twirled to the utmost twist of ferocity. Monsieur Félicité's head was down, and there were heavy lines under his eyes that showed that he had not slept. He stopped and held out his hand. Monsieur André pushed fiercely past him as though he had not been there.

After that there could be no question of compromise. Monsieur Félicité had his pride.

Yes, he had his pride, but he suffered terribly. In the first place he knew that the whole town would talk, was indeed talking with all its might.

Groups at corners of the street; Madame Bolleau's stall in the market-place, the favorite point of gossip in the town; M. Carité, the tailor, who, with his long nose and great spectacles, was always standing in his door ready for a word with his neighbor—all these people seemed to him bursting with the news. And they did talk of course. It was far too exciting a topic to leave untouched. There was no question of sides; poor Monsieur Félicité had been abominably treated, and that wretched gawk of an André deserved nothing better than a hanging—Monsieur Félicité, who had never quarrelled with any one in the whole of his life, to be pestered by such a creature! They tried to make it up to him, the good women, by little attentions and presents. On the morning after the quarrel the little man found on his table an enormous cucumber, half a ham, a red cotton handkerchief with spots, a pair of carpet slippers, a pair of braces, and a china vase. Madame Bette looked at these things contemptuously and then left the room in a flood of tears, murmuring "*Le pauvre! Le pauvre!*" all the way down to the kitchen. But all this affection could in no way compensate for the loss of his friend. A hundred times a day he felt that he could bear it no longer and started out to make the peace and then, on the way, his pride would return to him, he would flush at the memory of the things that Monsieur André had said, and he would slowly return. He went out very little for fear lest they should meet in the street, and he scarcely dared to sit at his window.

Friday evening was a time of torture, for they both continued to go to the meetings at the "*Soleil Rouge*," because I think they tried to show to the world that it did not matter, this quarrel.

So there they used to sit, both of them as unhappy as possible.

Monsieur André suffered too, I suppose, and he had the execration of the whole town to bear. People would scarcely speak to him, and women would shake their fists at his back and little boys would throw stones at "Boule de Suif." And he loved Monsieur Félicité with an absolutely undying devotion; the longer the quarrel lasted the more he knew that he cared. But his pride was greater than Monsieur Félicité's and he would not give way. Poor Monsieur Félicité grew quite thin and pale; his clothes hung loosely about him, and try as Madame Bette would, she could not keep him neat. He ate very little and slept badly at night. Monsieur André grew so fierce that it was as much as any one's life was worth to speak to him—he was even unkind to "Boule de Suif," and on one terrible occasion he kicked him.

So matters went on for several months, and there seemed to be no hope at all of any reconciliation. Then something happened.

One Friday night at the "Soleil Rouge" Monsieur Ragulleau had news. When Monsieur Ragulleau had news there was no mistaking it; he sat there with his eyes almost closed, his mouth pursed, his nose in the air. One had often to wait a considerable time before the news came—he liked to keep the sensation—but it was generally worth having.

He looked at his absinthe, tilted it for a moment in his glass and then said: "Marie has returned."

Every one was excited and there were murmurs of "*Mais, non!*" and "*Vraiment!*" and "*Mon Dieu!*" passing round the table. Even Monsieur Félicité was moved; his cheeks colored and he leaned a little forward. Monsieur André sat up straight in his chair and looked at Monsieur Ragulleau. "Marie!" he said with a gasp. Their minds flew back to the time, not so very long ago, when Marie Blanche had

lightened the whole town with her smiles—wonderful hair, cheeks like roses, a laugh like a bell, and the temper of an angel! And then a man had come, a fellow from another province, good-looking enough in a black, fierce kind of way, but a scoundrel if ever there was one. She had loved him and gone with him, and her mother had died of grief—and now she had come back alone.

"She is ill," said Monsieur Ragulleau. "She has a baby. He did not marry her."

He brought his sentence out with a certain sharp satisfaction. He was sorry for the girl of course, but it was something to be able to create a sensation.

"Where is she?" said Monsieur Marteau.

"In a room, 5 Rue Napoléon—the top floor—I have not seen her." This he added in vindication of his own moral conduct. After all he had his character to think about. Marie was no better than she ought to be, and it would not do for respectable citizens. . . . Nevertheless he shifted a little, uncomfortably, in his chair.

"Well, well," said Monsieur Permon, also rather uneasy. "Poor thing, poor thing! Still it's her own fault . . . hum . . . ha . . . the brute . . . dear me!" and so left it perfectly clear that he could have nothing to do with the matter. This was the general attitude of the table. We were very respectable in Villetton and it didn't do to be mixed up with that sort of thing.

Monsieur Félicité went back to his rooms and summoned Madame Bette.

"*Voyez,*" he said, "I want things—many things."

"Things, monsieur?" she said.

"Yes," he answered impatiently, "for one who is ill—nourishing things—soups and puddings and fruit—and quickly."

Soon, carrying an enormous basket, he passed into the dark street. He took unfrequented paths because he did not wish to be met by any one. They did talk so in Villeton. His thoughts were all with the girl—poor Marie! She had been the delight of the town in those earlier days, and now that scoundrel . . . He clenched his fist and made a little noise in his throat. The Rue Napoléon was very dark, being, indeed, only lighted by one very dismal lamp. No. 5 was a tall and gloomy house with shuttered windows—on the top floor a light was dimly burning.

Monsieur Félicité banged the knocker and the door was opened by an old woman.

"Madame Perite? You have Marie here?"

"Ah! Monsieur!" The old woman burst into tears. "It is pitiful. Until just now no one had come, and it is terrible. She has no money . . . and she suffers. *Mon Dieu!* how she suffers! Ah, they are hard, these people."

She held a candle above her head and led the way up the dark stairs. On the top landing she turned and pushed open the door.

"Take the candle, monsieur," she said.

He stepped into the room. It was a large attic—the roof slanted to either side; there was little furniture. A bed against the farther wall, two rickety chairs, a table, and on the chimney-piece a guttering candle.

In the waving light the girl's head lay dark against the white of the pillows; by the bedside a man was kneeling, and at the sound of his voice Monsieur Félicité started, the candle shook in his hand, and he stayed motionless by the door.

"Nay, but Marie, poor little Marie. . . . I will look after the babe. I will see to it that you do not suffer—"

The girl laughed. "Why, Monsieur

André—you and the baby!—that would be truly droll. Why, you would not know what to do. But, indeed, monsieur, I am better already now that you have come. There was no one and I was afraid. . . . I knew what they would say—"

She turned her head on the pillow and began to cry softly.

That was too much for Monsieur Félicité. He crossed the room with his basket. He had, for the moment, forgotten Monsieur André.

"Marie . . . little one. It is I, your old friend. Droll Monsieur Félicité with whom you laughed. I had only just heard and I hurried here. And see, here in a basket I have brought things for you and the baby . . . beautiful things."

He went down on his little fat knees by the bed and put his arm round her.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said, and she fainted. At the same moment the baby began to cry.

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* She has fainted. Quick!" he cried to Monsieur André. "Take the baby! I will see to her!"

Monsieur André clumsily picked the baby up and began to hold it upside down. Its cries were redoubled.

"*Mais, non! Pas comme ça!*" Monsieur Félicité took it for a moment and rocked it in his arms. "Like that! Look you—" He gave the baby back, and for a moment their hands touched. He bent over the girl. In a little while he had brought her to.

"Oh! It was silly of me. But oh! monsieur, you are so good to me . . . it was too much!"

He knelt by the bed and whispered to her.

Monsieur André stood an enormous shape in the candle-light, rocking the baby.

"Now," Marie said, turning her cheek with a wan smile, "I shall sleep. Ah! Messieurs; how good you both are to me."

Soon she slept. There was silence for some time. Then Monsieur Félicité got up from his knees and crossed over to Monsieur André. He put his hand on the other's shoulder; Monsieur André did not look up. His hand passed over his shoulder round his neck; he had to stand on tip-toe.

"*Mon ami*, I am sorry. It is I who have been wrong. I have been lonely—I have been miserable——"

Monsieur André rocked the baby furiously.

"No, but forgive me. I should not have spoken as I did. Careful, you will wake the baby——"

Monsieur André turned and laid it on the bed.

*The English Review.*

"No, it is I," he said fiercely, glaring at Monsieur Félicité. "What you have said is true. It is I who have done this. I am a liar, pig, a scoundrel. . . . It is all true."

"No, no," said Monsieur Félicité.

"But it is true. It is not good for you to have such a man for your friend—you who are so good, a hero. But I will try . . . I will tell no more stories . . . I cannot be without you." He turned and clutched his friend by the coat. "I am very unhappy," he said.

They slowly and solemnly embraced: then, with one last look at the two asleep on the bed, they crept from the room.

*Hugh Walpole.*

## CHILDREN IN ENGLISH POETRY.

The child of the novelist is rarely if ever a living being. Almost every other form of creation has been attempted in prose fiction with success, but the child practically never. Dickens drew pathetic children, and they abundantly answered the moral purpose of their creation, but we may doubt if such children as his ever really lived. He saw their sorrows, but we may doubt if he saw their heart. The child's point of view, unsophisticated, unmoral, undaunted, reverent, heroic, stubborn, cannot be kept in mind. The novelist writes from his own point of view, and it is only the greatest masters, and those not prose writers, who can enter into the heart of a little child and show him as he is. The sculptors and the painters have given us children that do in fact bring before us the changeless race of little people who are as distinct from "the grown-ups" as East is from the West. The dependence of children upon their elders is often taken to indicate their identity with their elders. Nothing can be

more remote from the fact. They live a life apart, from which they emerge for love and the necessities. Children are not little men and women. An educational system that treats them on this basis is mere foolishness, while a social system that throws on them, as it often does, the burdens and the interests and the pleasures of adult life is certain to reap its own punishment. The novelist almost invariably paints them from this point of view, following the artistic error of certain early Italian painters. The great English poets, and, indeed, the English poets as a whole who depict childhood, have no such misapprehension. They know the child heart, and describe with vividness its fascinating relationship to ordinary life. Though Chaucer has little scope for the description of childhood in his tales, yet he makes no error as to child nature. His description of the schoolboys in the *Prioresses' Tale* exactly illustrates this point. We see the boys going along, the elder teaching the younger in just the way

that children teach each other. The elder boy's frank explanation of what he knows and what he does not know is just what a child would say to a child, but, not what a child would say to a man. The younger child's reverence and enthusiasm for an ideal; his determination to carry out his little project of praise even at the cost of many a thrashing; and then the picture of the boy passing merrily along singing the hardly-learned *Alma redemptoris* is true to life, as indeed all Chaucer's pictures are.

But the great creator of children is Shakespeare. His children are the very creatures that dance around us today. The idea of childhood he once and for all gave shape in the inconsequent and yet obedient and yet rebellious Ariel. There is the type of the child mind fixed once and for ever. And this type he reincarnates, play by play, though the personality of each individual child (as Miss Godfrey points out in her pleasing *English Children in the Olden Time*) is perfectly preserved. William in the *Merry Wives* is boy in the schoolboy mood, not too well pleased at being questioned out of school, and yet glad enough to display his little Latin before the women folk. The whole scene is an exact pen picture up to the last question: "Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns." "Forsooth, I have forgot." And compare William with Robin in the same play—little Robin, whose master is gross Sir John. Here is one who is early in the school of life, and watches his teachers with detachment, and perhaps with malice. But the school of Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Sir John is no school for nice boys. If Robin is the same page as follows Falstaff in *King Henry IV.* it is a terrible school, but one that is hardly extinct yet in the great cities. In one scene (Part II., Act II., Scene II.) we see the child sickening of it all. "Come, you

virtuous ass," cries Bardolph to him. "You bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now?" And Shakespeare, in the person, of all persons, Poins, utters the thought that all must think: "Oh, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers." And the boy is saved, for such was Shakespeare's way of driving home the possibilities of youth brought up even in such company. Loyal to his master to the last, but full of contempt for the rest, he nevertheless follows them to the wars. But once there he can no longer bear these curs of the camp. The greatest of all tributes to Falstaff is that Robin loved him. But Nym, Pistol, Bardolph were a different matter: "Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up." The boy dies at Agincourt defending the luggage of the camp. Of the same type is Lucius, the page of Brutus. How different a master, how similar a boy! The master treats him like a son; his home was a school of excellence. One might prophesy much of the future of Lucius, a good boy, for Brutus said so, and Brutus was an honorable man. The wonderful end of the last scene of the fourth act of *Julius Caesar* brings before us the faithful little page (and who so loyal as boys?) as truly as the death scene of that great egoist Falstaff. The boy waiting on his weary master on the dreadful night at last falls, with a naturalness almost unique in literature, asleep. The boy nods as he plays and sings, and in a moment even Brutus is forgot:

This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good-night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;



I'll take it from thee; and, good boy,  
good-night.

Shakespeare's description of a boy brought face to face with the horrible realities of wickedness and devildom is hard to analyze, for fortunately few children have to face such things. The scene between Arthur and Hubert in *King John* is, to the present writer, unconvincing in the extreme. Finely written it is, though I cannot agree with Mr. Lee that it "is as affecting as any passage in tragic literature." The play, though it contains the brilliant invention of Faulconbridge, is an early dramatic work, and it is impossible to conceive that Shakespeare in his greatest periods would have made a boy plead for his life in polished blank verse. He would have told the story afterwards, and would not have brought the boy on the stage at all. But with all its want of reality the passage does in some ways bring a desperate child before the mind. Yet Virgilia's son in *Coriolanus*, chasing the butterfly, is as real as Arthur is unreal. The thoughtless, passionate cruelty of little untrained children is there touched in with a remorseless hand. The truth is, children must be drawn direct from nature: the moment a course of conduct is predicted from the conditions the verisimilitude fails. On the other hand, direct observation gives lesser poets even opportunities that hardly belong to their own art; so great is the charm of childhood. Shensstone's *Schoolmistress*, despite its sham archaic form, is delightful, since the children that fill the cottage school are as alive as may be:

Their books of stature small they take  
in hand,  
Which with pellucid horn securéd are,  
To save from finger wet the letters  
fair.

Who does not know that wet finger!

Wordsworth has probably given us the

closest pictures of children of any poet. His intense accuracy of observation, despite the fact that he was not apparently a man who romped with children, enabled him not only to picture children from the physical side, but also to enter into their mind. The strange consciousness of the idiot boy stands forth with almost shocking vividness. The poem of 1799, "There was a boy," brings out with extraordinary force the effect of Nature on a child's mind. The willing service even to death, which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of a child, is immortalized in *Mary Gray*:

The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

While in *Ruth* the poet gives us the evolution of Mary, a lonely child:

. . . alone  
She seemed to live; her thoughts her  
own;  
Herself her own delight;  
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;  
And, passing thus the livelong day,  
She grew to woman's height.

*The Idle Shepherd-Boys* gives us a perfect peep into the boy mind. It is, perhaps, not curious that so keen an observer of childhood should have transcribed into modern English *The Prioresses' Tale*. The child's homing instinct is brought out in *Alice Fell* with extraordinary force; while *We are Seven* is perhaps the last word in the analysis of certain inscrutable qualities, faith, obstinacy, love, that combine in the mind of the child. The student of child nature who neglects Wordsworth is indeed a poor student. He saw farther into the mind and soul and hopes and fears and loves and hates of a child than any other poet. And from Wordsworth's profound point of view it was necessary, since "the child is father of the man."

We might quote from many of the



great and lesser nineteenth-century poets with interest (Mr. Kipling's "Kim" will live for many a long day), but a word or two with respect to the poet who ranks next to Wordsworth is essential. Browning looked into the child's heart, and longed to dwell there as in a sanctuary. Who can forget Pippa, the favorite of the poet's heart? The perfect purity of the little silk-worker of Asolo, who, in her one day's holiday in the year, walks by chance into and solves sorrows and tragedies enough, is a true thing, a product of the child heart, whose whole life was service—how many of these willing little servers there are in our workaday world!—and who somehow knew that

All service ranks the same with God.

It was Pippa who sang

The year's at the spring.

She is the perpetual incarnation of fresh, happy childhood. And with her let us place Evelyn Hope:

*The Contemporary Review.*

Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares.  
And now was quiet, now astrir.

Her "frank young smile" is alive for evermore. And with them let us place Theocrite, who, like Chaucer's little singer with whom we began, needed to sing God's praise while he toiled away at the poor trade "whereby the daily meal was earned." The religious sense is a profound characteristic of childhood. The choir-boy is not as a rule the naughty little boy that he is supposed to be. A well-known organist once told the present writer that in many little boys there is a deep religious feeling. All the qualities are in the making in that mysterious workshop the mind of a child, and it is this fact which makes it almost impossible for the novelist to give us living children. It needs the poet's mind to understand the mystery, and that is the reason why schoolmasters should study the English poets (and especially Wordsworth and Browning) in and out of season.

## RECENT EARTHQUAKE INVESTIGATIONS.\*

On the average a little earthquake occurs in the world every fifteen minutes. Great earthquakes occur on the average about every four days, but it is only on rare occasions that they hit populated districts. The majority of the latter originate beneath deep oceans or in uninhabited mountain regions, and as neither little fish nor wandering tribes write letters to the *Times*, all we know about their occurrence comes from the observations of enthusiastic seismologists. Nineteen hundred and six, however, was a bad year for hu-

manity, and exhibitions of seismic relief took place in many districts. On January 31 a great disaster occurred in Colombia. On April 4 many soldiers and natives lost their lives in the Kangra Valley. On April 14 nearly 6000 houses fell in Formosa, whilst four days later San Francisco and other towns in Central California were reduced to ruins. On June 14, Kingston, in Jamaica, was badly shattered, and in the autumn, on August 17, Valparaiso and Santiago fell. In connection with the disaster at San Francisco, British shareholders in insurance companies were called upon for twelve million pounds, whilst towards the reconstruction in Kingston their contribution was two

\*"The California Earthquake of April 18, 1906." Report of the State Earthquake Investigation Committee (in two vols. and atlas). Vol. II., *The Mechanics of the Earthquake*. By Harry F. Reid. Pp. viii + 192. (Washington: Carnegie Institution. 1910.)

millions. What they paid for the happenings in other parts of the world I do not know, but it is quite certain that attention was directed to the fact that even the inhabitants of the British islands were not entirely beyond the pale of the vagaries of *Mater Terra*.

In 1906 the proprietors of newspapers, lawyers, expert witnesses, the vendors of building materials, constructors, and others may have regarded earthquakes as blessings in disguise. The charitably disposed had frequently opportunities to derive comfort from their donations, while scientific bodies saw opportunity for investigations. The International Seismological Association spent a very large sum in collecting and reproducing seismograms relating to the earth movements which had devastated Central Chile. The Carnegie Institution of Washington not only carried on similar work for the earthquake of California, but by publishing three volumes based on the material collected it has considerably extended our knowledge connected with seismological observations.

To the first two of these volumes, issued as part I. and part II., reference has been made already (*Nature*, March 4, 1909, vol. lxxx., p. 10). The second volume, by Prof. H. F. Reid, of the Johns Hopkins University, which is now before us, treats of "The Mechanics of the Earthquake." In the discussion on the origin of the shock, this is shown to have taken place from point to point along a line of fracture many miles in length and with a variable depth. There are therefore many times of origin, each of which depends upon the particular point considered. This may be a seismometrical refinement, but Prof. Reid, by his insistence on this, has done much towards the exact understanding of certain observations. In the discussion on permanent displacements of the ground we are shown that as the results of three surveys, the first

of which commenced in 1851, there have been permanent displacements parallel to the length of a well-known fault. The ground on the east side of this fault has moved southwards, whilst that on the opposite side of it has gone to the north. A part of this displacement, no doubt, took place at the time of the earthquake, but there are convincing reasons for the belief that much of it took place gradually before the earthquake. The ground, in fact, was bent before it broke. By experiments with a stiff slab of jelly across which a slight cut made by a knife represented a line of fault, the nature of the strain which takes place before and after an earthquake is illustrated. The actual forces required to produce in solid rock the observed distortions, which resulted in rupture, are given in mechanical units. If the depth of the fault was 12.5 miles, its length 270 miles, and the average movement 13 feet, then the work done at the time of rupture is estimated at  $13 \times 10^{18}$  foot-pounds. After this energy was set free, seismographs throughout the world were set in motion.

A cause for the deforming forces which resulted in these strains is sought for in the theory of isostasy, which implies that the shifting of materials accompanying surface denudation is compensated for by a sub-surface flow. By this flow a dragging force is exerted upon the superincumbent crust, which from time to time yields suddenly. To predict tectonic earthquakes we should build a line of piers at right angles to a fault line and determine from time to time the difference in direction between these piers and their relative levels. Such observations, whether they did or did not prove of value as an assistance towards earthquake prediction, it is extremely likely that they would throw light upon certain branches of earth physics. Rotary movements are considered at some

length, and the idea that they may be the result of vibrations at right angles is considered to be the one offering the simplest explanation.

A chapter of great interest, not only to the builder, but to the mathematician, relates to the influence of a foundation upon apparent intensity, this being most pronounced upon alluvium.

Part II. of this volume is devoted to a critical description of seismograms obtained from stations in various parts of the world. This is followed by old and new explanations for the apparent increase in the duration of an earthquake as it travels. This is another good chapter, but it might easily have been extended. The discussion of the velocities with which different wave types were propagated and the paths they may have followed has been worked out with great care, and is distinctly instructive. The determination of the distance of the origin of an earthquake, as is now well known, depends upon the interval of time between the arrival of the first motion and the arrival of some other phase of motion like the large waves. This is Nature.

closely examined, and observations previously made upon this point are brought more closely in accord.

Disturbances of magnetic needles at the time of the earthquake have not been overlooked. Much is said in favor of damping pendulums, and reference is made to the recently devised "dead-beat" instruments of Prince Galitzin. We have not, however, come across any reference to his method of determining the direction of an earthquake from the first of the preliminary tremors. The monograph closes with the theory of the seismograph. In this we notice the statement that the instruments designed by myself in 1892 and Dr. Schlütter about 1903, to show tilting of the ground at the time of an earthquake failed to show such a phenomenon. This is only true for the latter instrument (see British Association Report, 1893, p. 222).

Prof. Reid's memoir is a valuable contribution to the mechanics of earthquakes. He has ploughed both new ground and old, and seismologists will thank him for the material he has furnished for their consideration.

John Mäne.

## DO I SLEEP? DO I DREAM?

A little book has just been published advocating self-suggestion as a cure for sufferers from head-ache, tooth-ache, nervousness, sleeplessness and kindred ills. For instance, the programme to be gone through in cases of insomnia (as quoted in *The Express* of August 25) is as follows:—

Repeat the subjoined exercises:—

Twice to yourself aloud: I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only.

Four times softly: I am feeling sleepy.

Twice softly: I am falling asleep.

Mentally a few times: I am asleep.

Mentally: I sleep, I sleep; and con-

tinue until you know no more.

We have been favored with the nocturnal diary of a sleepless soliloquist to whom we recommended the treatment, and reproduce his remarks in an abridged and expurgated form:—

*Midnight.*—Well, now let's see if I can snooze off the effects of poker-patience and that lobster salad. . . . What have I got to say? . . . What the dooce *was* it? I thought I'd learnt it by heart! . . . let me see . . . "I am dying," no—"I am flying." . . . What a vile memory I've got! . . . Ah, I know—"I am lying"—that's a nice confession to make! How

did it go on? I shall never get to sleep at this rate—I'm getting more and more wide-awake every minute!

12.30 A.M.—I suppose I must light up and find that confounded book. . . . Where *are* the beastly matches? . . . Dam—on the floor, of course! Nice thing to tread on with bare feet! . . . Now, where *did* I put that book? I can't go hunting round the bally house in pyjamas at this time of night! . . . Oh, here it is—brought it up in my coat-pocket after all. . . . Guess I'm pretty shivery! Caught cold or something, I suppose. . . .

12.45 A.M.—Ah, here's the page—Insomnia Cure . . . let's get this sportsman's rigmarole right—"I am lying down to sleep and to sleep only"—Hang it, that's what I went to bed for an hour ago—it's a platitude anyway. . . . Praps I didn't say it loud enough . . . don't want to wake the house.

1 A.M.—Wonder if it's time to try the four-times-softly trick! "I am feeling sleepy" . . . "I am feeling sleepy" . . . Dash it all, I *am* lying now. . . . How many times was that?

Punch.

I've lost count . . . must begin over again! Hullo, there goes one o'clock!

1.30 A.M.—Suppose this joker wants me to murmur, "I am asleep," now! Well, *am* I? Not fifty per cent! Also, I *don't* think! . . . Feel more like getting up and having a pipe . . .

2 A.M.—Yes, I thought so. . . . There's the next-door cat-party begun. . . . Think I'll suggest them a jug of water. . . . What's his cure for cats, I wonder. . . . Do I shout, "I sleep!" or throw things? . . . I'll improve on him—"I snore! I snore!"

3 A.M.—Look here, I've had about enough of this ramp. . . . May as well sit up and take notice. . . . This mental business is driving me silly—prefer the good old sheep and the hedge.

4 A.M.—Ah, there's the beautiful dawn and the daylight and the sparrows' earliest pipe and the rest of it . . . It's about time for the early morning burglar to be going his rounds, so it's a useful cure for sleepiness after all.

*Sigsag.*

## TURNER. \*

Rather late in the day the authorities of the National Gallery have begun to do justice to the immense mass of Turner's work bequeathed by the painter to his country. The opening of the Turner Gallery at Millbank this summer has at last given effect to the desire expressed in his will; and perhaps of even greater importance is the publication of an official inventory of the thousands of drawings and

sketches, most of which have so long lain in boxes in the cellars at Trafalgar-square. Ruskin, with all his devotion to Turner, never seems to have realized that in those boxes was accumulated all the material for a detailed and connected account of the artist's whole career. He was preoccupied with the educational value of what he considered the best of these drawings for painters and art students; the humbler task of making clear the master's life-work as it was revealed from stage to stage in these countless studies, rough diaries, and memoranda he passed by; indeed, by his arbitrary

\* "A Complete Inventory of the Drawings of the Turner Bequest," arranged chronologically by A. J. Finberg, 2 vols. Published by order of the Trustees of the National Gallery. Wyman, 15s.)

"Turner's Sketches and Drawings." By A. J. Finberg. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

methods of arrangement and selection he actually destroyed evidence that was there to his hand and made the task more difficult than before. A perusal of the Inventory makes it manifest that Turner's object in preserving all this mass of intimate studies was to provide materials for an accurate and complete record such as still remains to be written. For the Inventory, full of precious *data* as it is, correcting in many particulars hitherto accepted theories and surmises, is only a skeleton. There is still a great amount of work to be done, with this for foundation. Meanwhile Mr. Finberg, to whom the task of compiling the Inventory was entrusted and who has carried it out with indefatigable zeal, has supplemented his official labors with a book which, though its aim is modestly limited, sets Turner's development and his methods of work in a clearer light than was possible before.

Great as is Turner's fame, his position is still contested more hotly than that of many a painter admittedly far inferior to him in range and power. Ruskin praised him as no artist was ever praised before; and reaction was inevitable. It is, indeed, easy to disparage Turner's achievement by concentrating attention on certain aspects of it which are very vulnerable. His art did not appeal to Whistler; and it is from Whistler that a great deal of current criticism gets its opinions. Mr. Finberg's standpoint is an independent one, and his judgments run counter to much that is accepted for gospel in the studios to-day. He lays great stress on Turner's creative power, the point in which Sir Walter Armstrong sought to find a vital deficiency; on the other hand, his description of the master's later works as "a display of senile apathy gilded and transfigured by the dying shafts of an incommensurable natural capacity" will disconcert and offend the many admirers of those ra-

diant visions. The plan of the book is an excellent one. It aims at analyzing and exposing by means of the studies and sketches, many of them now identified for the first time, the genesis of typical works in Turner's career, which, for the sake of convenience, is divided into eight phases or periods. Mr. Finberg, who is a student of philosophy as well as of art, and who in his concluding chapter maintains that the point of view of art criticism is "essentially identical with the point of view of logic and metaphysic," lays stress throughout on mental rather than material experience and environment. Thus he explains the lighter tones so noticeable in Turner's paintings after a certain date to an inner feeling of exultation and pride of life; and the change which marks the pictures of Turner's later years he puts down to a change of mental outlook, not at all to any physical change in actual eyesight. No doubt the intellectual element in art has been unduly ignored of late; and we believe Mr. Finberg to be quite right on the main point. But he is sometimes, we feel, a little doctrinaire, and his style is prone to over-emphasis. Like most great artists, Turner began by learning the language of his art from his predecessors, observing how they had treated Nature rather than going straight to Nature first. The demand of the day made him a topographical draughtsman, and for three or four years he travelled England drawing its memorable buildings with "imperturbable coolness, patience, and dexterity." Then comes a change. He becomes imaginative, aims at the gloomy and sublime, and paints ambitiously in oils. The way in which these grandiose early pictures were evolved is very curious and exceptional. The foundation of them is to be found in a series of sketches made in the North of England in 1797. But these sketches are neat and accurate records



in the already mastered topographical manner; only afterwards are they deliberately transposed into a key of gloom. This deliberateness of effort, characteristic of Turner, may shock modern prejudice, so apt to extol spontaneity at the expense of still more valuable qualities. It is the kind of method which is now condemned as insincere. Yet it is often only by such dogged enterprises of the will that an artist learns all the fulness, all the latent capabilities, of his own nature. In many cases Turner's work suffers, it is true; we feel a master rhetorician exerting a prodigious skill rather than a poet uttering the depths of his soul. And Mr. Finberg seems too little alive to the rhetorician in Turner. But so prodigal a painter can afford to concede many a failure; he has impregnable masterpieces enough. And he learnt nothing that he did not put to use. The ambition and the teachableness which were factors so fruitful in Turner's vast and various achievement were allied to an extraordinary sensibility. He was as responsive as Shakespeare to the human atmosphere around him.

The most interesting chapter in Mr. Finberg's book is that which tells us of Turner's visit to Portsmouth in the autumn of 1807. We all know the splendid picture in the National Gallery, "Spithead: Boat's Crew Recovering an Anchor." We now learn that it really represents the Danish ships, which had been seized after the second bombardment of Copenhagen, being brought into Portsmouth Harbor. The sudden stroke of the English Ministry had come as a thunderclap to Napoleon, whose plans were thus swiftly frustrated. All England was astir and aglow with the news, and Turner hurried down to Portsmouth to witness the arrival of the ships. What affects us most, however, is not the scene he painted, but the evidence afforded by his sketch-

book of the mood his mind was in on the return journey to London. Lifted up, enkindled, glowing, he looked on the toilers of the fields and the wayside, the hedgers and ditchers, the shepherds and the ploughmen, with new eyes and a new sympathy; these were his countrymen, this was the England for which Nelson two years ago had died at Trafalgar. We are reminded of the passion of humanity which lights up Wordsworth's poems of this period. It may be thought that Mr. Finberg reads too much into Turner's hints. We certainly think that he praises too unreservedly the pictures and drawings which were the outcome of this mood; the "Frosty Morning" and the "Windsor," beautiful as they are, do not supercede Millet and Crome on their own ground in giving grandeur to homely earth and humble labors; the whole force of Turner's nature was not engaged in them, nor the special qualities of his genius. But that thoughts and sympathies of the kind, hardly perhaps to be suspected in that inaccessible, inarticulate, surly Englishman, could work in his mind is proved by the fragment of a poem attempted by the artist on a rainy holiday by the Thames when he could not fish. It is in the sketch-book of 1809, described on pages 304-306 of the Inventory. The fragment is clumsy enough; but when we have forgotten the involved inconsequence of the halting verse, there still remains with us the picture of the cottage child setting his paper-boat to sail in the flooded cart-rut, which seems to him "a channel to the Main"; and we feel that it is just such a "thing seen" as Wordsworth might have chosen as a theme and transfigured with some imaginative and unforgettable phrase. Too often, indeed, as Mr. Finberg himself admits, Turner's sympathies are imperfect. "His instinct for the picturesque side of this kind of subject-matter is so keen, and his insistence on this pic-



turesqueness is so constant and so emphatic, that it is hard to resist the suspicion that his interest is rather professional than personal." The criticism is acute and just. Turner's artifices seem at times cold-blooded. Especially do we feel this in the middle period of his career, when he was working for a new class of patron, the rich merchant, when the ardors of the Napoleonic struggle had subsided, and when commercial enterprise was inaugurating a period (as Watts describes it) the most degraded in taste that the world has ever known. We are amazed indeed at Turner's prodigious memory and resource, which could build up an elaborate water-color, the portrait of an actual place, crowded with local detail, on the foundation of the hastiest of pencil diagrams made ten or even twenty years before. But marvellous in accomplishment as are the drawings for the "Southern Coast" and the "England and Wales," we cannot share to the full Mr. Finberg's admiration for them.

And what of those later works, those visions of trembling color in which the solid structure of earth seems melted into impalpable light and air? To this last phase Mr. Finberg is, as we have said, unsympathetic. He brings against these works the same kind of criticism as has often been brought against the lyrical raptures of Shelley; and we feel that Turner, no less than Shelley, can be justified. The magic

*The Times.*

of these paintings at their best is unique; it is like nothing ever seen in the world before. Mr. Finberg falls indeed into a singular mistake in saying that these visions of solitary sky and mountain, of unpeopled night and dawn, betray a desire "to strip himself of the attributes of humanity, to sink into the unconscious vegetative life of nature." Removed from the warmth of ordinary human sympathies and interests they may be; but the faculty of totally disinterested contemplation of beauty is the peculiar attribute of humanity and just what removes him most from the life that is non-human. Vegetables see no visions. None the less, we are far from maintaining that this last phase of Turner's creation is the most precious to the world. Were all these later paintings taken away, we should think of Turner with less wonder in our admiration; but far greater loss would be those magnificent early masterpieces, so pregnant and with all their elements so richly fused, in which, as Mr. Finberg truly says, he expresses so much more than himself, and his art becomes not so much impersonal as "super-personal," a "national phenomenon." There we see the deep emotions of our race transfigured; we feel that his glory is a part of every Englishman. Of all our painters he, with all his faults, is the most national and representative, and we yield him a homage akin to that we yield to Shakespeare.

## SECOND PRIZES.

There is a picture in a recent number of *Punch* which has been, we are sure, productive of much laughter and some sad reflection. The scene is the interior of a shooting booth of a travelling circus. "Play up, play up for the big prizes!" cries the showman. "Ten, ten, nine,—twenty-nine points. 'Ard llaes,

sir. If you'd got thirty you'd have won a gold watch." Then turning from the disconsolate aspirant for the watch to his wife, he concludes: "M'ria, give the gentleman a bag o' nuts."

The bitter thing about second prizes is that the recipient knows in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that the

second prize is exactly what he deserves. What we hope for is not often quite alien to what we are fit for, but it is so horribly often a long way above it. The second prize comes sometimes as a sad revelation. It ranks us once and for all in our own minds. We have done our best; no great hindrance has come to throw us out of the running. We have in a measure attained, but our powers of attainment are so much less than we thought. The man who never tried has no sympathy with us at all. Prizes have no attraction for, and therefore no power to disappoint, some people. Others fear to prove their own inability to win, and they smile at the foolhardy man who ventured to put the matter to the touch. The man, on the other hand, who gets the first prize is probably too happy, at least at first, to sympathize with any one. Probably in his clearest moments he thinks that he got it by a fluke; in his most success-intoxicated, that he got it by genius; in his vainest, that his triumph is due to that mysterious thing charm, which, indeed, very often does help a man to the best place, and which he in his own mind connects with both chance and ability. It is only the poor fellow with the "bag o' nuts" who has no delusions, who knows now what work can do and what it cannot, and who knows also his own full stature and his own full stride.

There is a great deal to be said against those whom the fear of disappointment deters from many efforts, who are paralyzed by the vision of the "bag o' nuts"; but there is a great deal to be said for them also. Why should those who are born with the now rare gift of content try to get rid of it? It is such a beautiful thing. Truly those who throw it away with other encumbrances when they begin the struggle to win may get it back with the "gold watch," but the competitors are so

many, and the chance of outstanding success is so small. Why gamble with such a treasure? It is never included in the second prize. As to the cant which exalts the mere output of energy in any direction, it is high time that the efforts of the restless to commandeer the conscience of the middle class were resisted. People talk lightly of how, while cruelty is of course reprehensible, it is a self-evident proposition that the dark races "must be made to work,"—not to work that in accordance with the Apostolic injunction they may eat, but to work for work's sake. There is an ever-widening circle, too, of good and able people who teach their children to push from their earliest years with the same intensity of purpose as they teach them to speak the truth, and with far more reiteration than they teach them to love their neighbors. Tooth and nail they learn to fight that they may wrest from some one else what usually turns out to be a "bag o' nuts." Was Dr. Watts instrumental in bringing about this moral confusion? If so, it is high time that some other rhyme describing the ways of Satan caught the public attention. The Fiend, it is very evident, is sensitive to the Time-spirit. In the present strenuous age he cannot get his work done by idle hands only. We do think it is every man's duty to resist the nonsensical notion that he must always be striving after something, without regard to the disagreeables attending a *proxime accessit*.

Almost all the first prizes in life are no doubt worth having, at least in some sense, though we deny that, except in a very few cases, there is any virtue in struggling for them. The very rich man has power, and though he does not, we are always told, obtain happiness by means of his money, we are not sure that power in any form conduces to lightness of heart. It remains, however, an eternal object of desire

and source of satisfaction. Money gives the rich man a full life and an immense range of choice as to how he will spend his days. But the second prizes in the realm of Mammon,—how very unsatisfactory these are! The irritability of the rather rich is the perpetual comedy of the suburbs. Those who laugh at them think that success has turned their heads, but we believe that it is quite as often disappointment. They are not great or powerful as they hoped to be. They have got a money prize which is not large enough to do anything with. The winning of it has made them out of breath for life, and in old age they have nothing better to do than to sit down and eat it. They try, no doubt, as they linger over their feast to look down on those who never ran in the race. We all know many people who seem to get nothing whatever out of this particular "bag o' nuts." They have ruined their nerves by work, and all they have gained is a false criterion. How much better they would have done had they not tried so hard,—had they valued leisure and stopped to take breath instead of determining to get on! Socially, again, the "gold watch" may be worth an effort; but the chances of success are very small. At the top of the hill, where the crowd is thinner and the fight less furious, it is possible to see what is going on. There are better seats there from which to watch the drama of life. This may possibly be the case: there must be something to be seen there or the pressure to get there would not be so great. But surely it is better to stop outside the crowd altogether than to struggle half one's life in order to move a few feet upwards and finally to be shelved a little higher up than one began. This sort of unsuccessful ambition takes the interest out of life. The man who is absorbed in getting promoted has very little attention to spare for the workings of the great machine

in which he is a self-absorbed unit. Of course, the human desire to be over and not under, spurs many a man to use up every bit of energy in the struggle to get upwards. He has nothing; but if he could have regarded his subordination as wholly official, he might have enjoyed happiness and freedom outside his work. After all, so far as work is concerned, nine-tenths of us will always be in some sort of bondage, whether to our stomach, our master, or the State. As it is, if he fails to get to the point he longs to reach, he will probably remain a man under authority, and will find the delight of standing between those who really do the work and those who really plan it, may be exaggerated.

Where the arts are concerned we think the disappointment of getting only a second prize is too much dreaded. People whom a little work would enable to attain a proficiency which would give great pleasure to themselves and others give up trying in despair. "Every one has to be first-rate now," they say with a sigh, and they neither play nor paint. The desire for praise is part of the artistic temperament. The instinct which prompts to the expression of every impression craves appreciation. Those who are somewhat below them in critical acumen, however, who live in a society which is not so highly cultivated, continue to do both. Praise is very freely given among the half-educated. Those who know the life of a modern village realize what immense happiness is beginning to be derived from music by people a little above the poor. In literature the same thing cannot be said. Every one who fancies that he or she can write does write. When the same fashion prevails in literature as prevails now in the arts, there will be a wonderful shortening of publishers' lists. But in the arts the actual struggle is a pleasure, and all prizes take an

inconspicuous place. We wonder whether a time is approaching when men and women who are not lazy will revolt in any large numbers against the high pressure of modern life, when good people who have no connection with Dr. Watts's Satanic crew will insist on leading a simpler and an easier life. If ever they do, the sick disappointment attending second prizes will be proved to be a great factor in reform. We

*The Spectator.*

shall be told that such change is impossible, that great economic forces over which individuals have no control set the pace, and no drag can be put on. We have no arguments to offer against this generally received theory, but it is wonderful how instantly forces which are regarded as impersonal and uncontrollable yield to a change of will in the community.

### THE STONE-DWELLERS.

Under the footbridge the stream runs dark, then plunges sparkling over a sill of brown stone into a pool some five feet below. Where the ripple of the fall ceases, the water becomes clear as glass, and we can see everything that is in the pool. The everything seems nothing—except brown stones in the shade, growing into orange stones in the sunshine, with wreaths between them like very faint smoke to show where the water runs. A stranger would say there was nothing whatever in the stream but water running its barren way to the sea. The roots of the willow herb are bathed in it, and a mighty luxuriance shoots up. It is crammed now with thousands of flowers in freshest, brightest pink, starred with light yellow pollen masses. The faint scent of "codlins and cream," like apples gently cooking, makes the way of the bridge very delightful. Willows and alders faithfully mark the course of the stream far below, for water is water the whole world over; bees and butterflies come to the willow herb and hemp agrimony; and a band of long-tailed tits swing in the alder close over the pool, but in the pool itself there is no life.

If we will take our shoes and stockings off and do a little wading, we shall see. The first step in the cool

water (the first step that costs) removes the years wonderfully. The fingers itch for the stones instinctively, and, before we know what we are doing, we have got a grip beneath one of them, and it begins to come up—gently, gently, while the stream carries away the little bits of brown stick that have lodged there. The stone is over, and there are a whole lot of shrimp-like creatures lying on their sides and helplessly kicking. Yes, of course, we should have expected water-lice even in a barren stream. It is a quaint definition of barren, and it is a fact that a neighbor came here and caught a few pints of these water-lice wherewith to stock a stream of his that lacked them. He could not keep trout until he had established the "shrimps" and after them the trout came almost spontaneously. Neither are these all "shrimps," for a may-fly larva slides away down the stone into the water, the cases of caddis grubs are among the little sticks that the stream carries away, and a grub like a fringed worm hastens to cover itself with a little stone beneath the one we have lifted.

We expected more than water-lice, but there are better stones to be lifted. A large one near the lower end of the pool is scarcely touched before a flat, spotted head shoots out. Because it

moved we saw it, but the spots are so artfully toned that, while at rest, the fish is almost invisible among the similar markings of the floor of the brook. Secure in its livery, the fish suffers itself to be driven into the open, and then we cautiously surround him with two hands and scoop him out. You never see the miller's thumb without going into the water after it, and driving it from under the stones. Yet it is armed well enough against its enemies in the huge spiked gills which it can stick out almost as furiously as the father lasher of the sea. A water-rail was found here last Autumn, choked in the attempt to swallow a miller's thumb.

More warrantable is the hiding of the loach, called stone-loach because of its very retiring disposition. It is smoother than a gudgeon, and sweeter too, as any fisherman knows who has offered it to pike or perch. It has no defence except an unusual slipperiness, and it squeezes beneath stones in such a manner that its capture by hand is far more difficult than that of the miller's thumb. Our stream also holds in plenty the cray-fish, or fresh-water lobster. The big ones have holes in the bank where they are ready to nip shrewdly the fingers of boys who come to tickle trout. But there are lots of little ones under the stones, as ready as their elders to nip when they cannot escape, but not so able to hurt. They are made exactly in the image of the lobster, and use their feathered tails to grip the water under the body and shoot off backwards as rapidly as a fish darts. In Spring the elder female cray-fish carry great bundles of eggs under the tail, for other cray-fish are great eaters of ova, including those of trout. A few years ago, all the streams running into the Thames, right up to the furthest hills, partook of a Thames epidemic that carried off the cray-fish almost to the last one. Slowly they came back

and may be as numerous as ever by now. Our stream starts just over the Thames water-shed and its cray-fish were immune from that epidemic.

The side of the hill is strewn with stones as thickly as the orchard with apples. As we lie there on one elbow to admire the view and to meditate on many things, the other hand idly picks a stone from its bed in the turf. There are hundreds of black ants in a series of grooves they have constructed beneath it. Heaps of cocoons that were there when the light broke in are melting like sugar in water as the nurses carry them down to a lower room. A flying ant tries to take the opportunity to elope, but a worker clutches her and drags her back. The next stone by a coincidence has red ants, and under another not far away are the sickly, puny yellow ones that in spite of their small size and poor spirit manage to build greater mounds than any of the earth-building ants. Here we are like Asmodeus surrounded by a perfect city of roofs, each one of which we are at liberty to lift for the inspection of the inhabitants beneath. Here is one so large and flat that it could cover a trap-door leading to Ali Baba's cave. That or some other treasure is beneath it, and with difficulty we prise it up to find merely a wire-worm of a species we have been seeking for years. It is one of the best of places for hunting centipedes and millipedes. The Coleopterist, too, can often find a rare thing under the right stone.

Once we found a mole's nest with young moles in it under a baulk of timber. The place was unusual, but so handy a roof often covers the nest of a field mouse. You may in such a situation suddenly expose an entire wasps' nest, tearing off the top paper and bringing the whole population about your ears. So there is a spice of adventure connected with stone-turning. Once we saw a laborer lift a



stone and drop it suddenly with white face, while he called out "A gurt snake!" We went to look, and found nothing but a toad squatting in a hollow that just fitted her body, and was just so deep that the stone could not crush her when it was replaced. On another day, we found what we scarcely appreciated at the time and what we have vainly looked for again ever since. It was a big black amphibian that, when we touched it, shed its tail and the tail kicked and kicked for hours after whenever we touched it with a stick or threw a crumb of earth on it. Newts of every kind are found under stones, or, better still, under fallen posts. The triton is big and black, his orange breast not counting for much when he is on land. But the triton has not a brittle tail, so our big black newt or salamander remains unidentified.

The lifting of a stone is the short cut to the dwelling-place of nearly everything that burrows. If the stone is large enough you may find a fox's earth beneath it, or it may cover the viper in its winter sleep, or dormant queen wasps. Every boy knows that there is no need to dig for worms when there

*The Nation.*

are plenty of stones about, and the soil and weather are not too dry. So, long ago, we found worms' eggs there, and many other things in the embryo stage that it was hard to identify. Another memory of non-digging excavation that cannot be repeated was the finding of a new ants' nest in the branches of a box edging. A suspicion of mould peeping out through the leaves tempted us to open the stiff twigs, and there was the whole ant city. Not only were there plenty of cocoons, but nearly half-a-pint of Canterbury bell seed that the industrious insects had carried down from the stalk of the campanula, along the garden path, and up into the top of the box edging. That is what we found that day and in that garden. Since then, books have told us that no British ant lays up store of seeds. We did not know the treasure that was flung at us without the trouble of digging, exhibited face-high for us to examine as one examines a prepared specimen in the museum. That is one of the ironies of natural history—that the rarest of creatures "occur" under the noses of tyros unable to appreciate them, while the professor hunts high and low for a lifetime and misses them.

### DANTE AND HIS FORERUNNERS.\*

A melancholy interest belongs to the anthology of early Italian verse before us, for it is the last book from the pen of one of our foremost Dante scholars. Only twelve days after the notes were finished the author was "caught by death," to use his own phrase, and the proofs had to be corrected by other hands. It possesses all the qualities we have learnt to expect from Prof. Butler—sound learning combined with

taste and insight, and a due, but not an excessive, respect for the text as it stands. Such qualities are invaluable in editing the forerunners of Dante, whose works are often still in a far from satisfactory condition. In England the book really breaks new ground. These early writers attracted the Pre-Raphaelites, and in 1861 D. G. Rossetti published his "Early Italian Poets from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante," containing a number of verse-translations; but the Italian text was not given, the versions were free, and research has added enor-

\*"The Forerunners of Dante." By A. J. Butler. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.)  
"Dante and his Convito." By William Michael Rossetti. (Elkin Mathews.)

mously to our knowledge since Rossetti's day. For instance, Ciullo d'Alcamo's much-disputed poem (No. 40) is now dated considerably later. The present selection is confined to *Canzoni*, which, as Prof. Butler says, are capable of finer effects than the sonnet, besides admitting of much greater rhythmic variety; but he had thoughts of issuing a volume of sonnets if his life had been spared. Only poems written before 1300 are included.

This early poetry divides itself roughly into three periods. First came the beginnings of Italian verse in Sicily, slavishly imitating the Provençal models, for even Sordello regarded Provençal as the only modern language in which a poet could write. Here Frederic II., the ideal emperor, led the way in verse of no great merit. His son Enzo, and his minister Pietro delle Vigne, did better; but Bologna, which imprisoned the one for twenty-one years and educated the other when its University was in its prime, may claim some share of their fame. Frederic said that Italian was fit to express love, and nothing else; and the present volume would seem to show that this was the general opinion. Occasionally another theme is touched, as in Nos. 45 and 52, where Guittone d'Arezzo and Chiaro d'Avanzati bewail the degeneracy of Florence as shown by the Guelph and Ghibeline feuds. Otherwise, love is the only subject—the Provençal love from which Petrarch and the Petrarchists are lineal descendants. The poet makes his lady an object of worship, and asks nothing better than to serve her faithfully all his days, as the loyal murderer dies in the service of the "Vecchio della Montagna." The basilisk, the Sirens, the fragrant odor of the panther—all the old imagery is there. These are the characteristics which, in the famous passage in "Purg." 24 are the grounds for Dante's criticisms of Bonagiunta da Lucca, Fra

Guittone d'Arezzo, his pet aversion, and the Notary—the three poets who, in his view, represent the culmination of the old school in what may be called the second period. As a whole their work is cold and conventional, not based on experience or observation, as Dante claimed to be the case with the "dolce stil nuovo." Yet every now and then real feeling does break through these shackles, as in the pathetic "Oï lassa 'namorata" (33), and still more in "Morte, perchè" (14).

The new school finds its highest expression before Dante in the splendid "Al cor gentil ripara sempre amore" (64), which inspired "Amor e 'l cor gentil sono una cosa" in the "Vita Nuova," and so influenced Alighieri that he regarded Guido di Guinizello da Bologna as one of his masters. Guido first gave Italian a real poetical coloring, and the ode, which embodies the idea of the affinity between true love and true nobility, is a masterpiece, "both for thought and style." It is far above anything else of his that we possess; and the sins we find him expiating in l'urgatory show how little these ideals affected his practice. It is interesting to remember that Lorenzo dei Medici ranks Guittone d'Arezzo among the originators of the new style, for all Dante's strictures.

The book will appeal especially to Dante students. Even the skit mentioned in "De Vulgari Eloquentia" on poems composed in various dialects is included; and it is always interesting to trace Dante's real greatness in the use he makes of what he borrows from his forerunners.

In the list of abbreviations we note that D'Ancona and Bacci's "Manuale" is described as "Storia della Letteratura Italiana."

It can no longer be said that English scholars are refusing the "Convito"—or the "Convivio," to give the more correct title—the attention it deserves

among Dante's works, if for no other reason than that it is the first important prose treatise written in Italian and that it contains an elaborate defence of the claims of the *lingua di si* against those of Latin. Two excellent translations have recently appeared, and now we have Mr. W. M. Rossetti's "Dante and his Convito."

The "Convito" can never be popular. The "right kind of readers" may, as Mr. Rossetti says, find it singularly interesting for the light it throws both on Dante and on his times; but the disproportionate amount of space devoted to mediæval philosophy, astronomy, and physics, and the syllogistic method of setting out the arguments, make it tedious to most people, and portions of it—the derivations of words, for instance—"are more likely to excite jeering than respect." Indeed, we might apply to it the words at the end of the first canzone discussed by Dante, which have been admirably translated by Shelley:—

I fear that thou wilt find but few  
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,  
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.

For this very reason Mr. Rossetti's book will be welcomed by the average student, who fights shy of the "Convito" itself, but knows that it is a necessary link between the "Vita Nuova" and the "Commedia," and that there alone he can breathe the intellectual atmosphere in which Dante lived and from which he drew his inspiration. Mr. Rossetti's plan is new. He first takes the canzoni which are the texts for three of the four treatises, giving us, on one side of the page, a line-for-line translation of them, and on the other a rendering according to what Dante tells us, in the treatises, was the real meaning underlying the allegory. We also have similar versions of the poems in the "Canzoniere," which Mr. Rossetti (who follows Fraticelli, an

eminently sound guide) believes to have made up the eleven known to have been written for the "Convito" as originally planned. Any such selection must ultimately be a matter of individual taste; but it is noticeable that Scartazzini admits no sonnets into his list, doubtless holding that only the longer poems would have been chosen by Dante for discussion. A bald, literal translation is unavoidable in the circumstances, and we have no right to quarrel with this version for lacking the graces of its predecessors. So far as we have tested it, it is strictly accurate, and most of the important points of difference are mentioned in the notes.

The rest of the volume consists mainly of a rough summary of the contents of the prose treatises, in which some points of controversy are inevitably touched, notably the vexed question of the existence or non-existence of Beatrice. Gabriele Rossetti was one of the greatest champions of the allegorists, and his son's sympathies obviously lie in the same direction, though he considers it "admissible to assume there was a real Beatrice beloved by Dante." He carefully tabulates the passages in the "Vita Nuova" which tell against the existence of a real woman and gives us his own interpretation of Beatrice as synonymous with love. This he bases on the passage in the "Vita Nuova" where Love appears with Vanna and Beatrice in his train, and declares that the latter's name is Love. "so much does she resemble me." And it must be admitted that the allegorists have it all their own way in the "Convito," where Dante emphatically declares, "Poichè la letterale sentenza è sufficientemente dimostrata, è da procedere alla spiegazione *allegorica e vera*"; and the allegory of the Three Maries, which is included in the volume before us, shows to what length Dante could push these methods.

But this does not justify us in as-

suming that the facts upon which the allegories are based are fictitious; and the present writer believes not only in the reality of Beatrice, long affirmed in *The Athenaeum*, but also in that of her rival, the Lady of the Window at the end of the "Vita Nuova." One fails to see how the passages on p. 46 can refer to anything but a woman of flesh and blood; and the fact that Dante afterwards chose to identify her with Philosophy does not prove that she was a mere abstraction. In the "Convito" Alighieri is anxious to show that he has mastered virtually all that there was to know in his day, and that philosophy has driven all other interests from his mind. But this shows only one aspect of the poet, as the "Vita Nuova" shows

*The Athenaeum.*

another. Both these works are necessary for a thorough understanding of Dante; but it is only in the "Commedia" that we can see him as a whole.

This is why a work like the "Beatrice Svelata" seems to us inadequate. The very completeness of the knowledge of scholastic philosophy which Francesco Perez had obtained prejudices him, and prevents him from giving due weight to any other aspect of the poet. Dante is too great and many-sided for any one theory to be more than suggestive. It may be true, as Mr. Rossetti says, that Perez is almost unknown in England, but Dr. Moore discusses his views in his essay on Beatrice in the second series of his "Dante Studies."

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Sally Ann's Experience," the most striking episode in Eliza Calvert Hall's story of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" has been published separately, with a frontispiece in colors and decorative borders. It is clever and singularly true to life; and so vivid in its portrayal of character that one can fairly see the little group of abashed church elders and brethren who listened in uneasy silence to Sally Ann's exposition of their meannesses. Little, Brown & Co.

Joseph Walker's "Handy Book of Proverbs," published in the Handy Information Series of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., is a marvel of compact and convenient arrangement. Any one who wants to know what wise folk have said about any subject has only to turn to that subject in these pages, run his eye down over the brief quotations, and, if he chooses, through the key number at the end of the quotation, find out to whom he is indebted for the morsel of wit or wisdom which pleases him most.

Mr. Ernest A. Savage's "The Story of Libraries and Book-Collecting," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in their "English Library" series, is a rapid survey of the great libraries of the world from ancient times down to the latest foundations of Mr. Carnegie. Limitations of space debar the author from literary excursions to which he might otherwise have been disposed; but the little book presents a mass of information in small compass, not easily accessible elsewhere between a single pair of covers.

Oliver Huckel, whose spirited and truthful renderings into English of Wagner's "The Rhine Gold" and "The Valkyrie" have won well-deserved appreciation, follows them with a translation of "Siegfried," the third great poem in the Nibelungen Ring cycle. This is marked by the same fidelity to the text, the same skill in finding the best English equivalent for the phrases of the original, which marked the earlier ren-

derings. The lyrical passages afford the severest test of Dr. Huckel's skill, but even these are well rendered. The book is exquisitely printed and has four photogravure illustrations. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Winthrop Packard's "Woodland Paths" (Small, Maynard & Co.) is one of the most charming of the several delightful little volumes in which the writer has invited his readers to go with him into the woods, fields and pastures at different seasons of the year. It is the spring, the rains and winds of March, the brooks and showers of April, the promise and the beauty of May which form the theme of these pleasant pages. Mr. Packard is as agreeable a companion along woodland paths or others as one could wish; and his Nature-studies are as simple, genuine and unforced as any writing which is given us now-a-days in this special field.

The correct remark about sequels is out of date, thanks to iteration, and excellent sequels grow on so many literary bushes that it is unnecessary to assume surprise at the quality of "Down Home with Jennie Allen," in which Miss Grace Donworth takes her heroine to a Maine village, gives her unique experience with a mother-in-law and allows her to manifest herself in other new and attractive ways without robbing her of any of her amusing qualities. Sentiment and absurdity are seldom yoke fellows, but they work as well together under Miss Donworth's guidance as invective and absurdity work under Mr. Dooley's hand. One's laughter is irresistible in the two cases, and laughter without touch or tinge of bitterness is so rare! The story leaves Jennie listening to her husband's niece as she sings the pretty mother's song "dictated to Sis" by Jennie, whose two-weeks-old baby has "got lots of lit-

tle ways that his father had at his age," and leaves the reader hoping to hear more about him, especially as Jim says that he has a look like Jamesy. Small, Maynard & Co.

"Comrades of the Trails" is the title which Mr. G. E. Theodore Roberts gives to his new book and it may be meant for a boy's reading or for a man's; either boy or man who encounters it will do so in a fortunate day. It tells the story of an English youngster's first season of trapping in the Canadian snows and forests, and introduces an original lunatic who has tamed a panther to be his hunting companion, thereby forming such a pair of comrades as ought to delight any one fond of adventure, especially as Mr. Roberts fully accounts for all the remarkable points of the story. Mr. Charles Livingstone Bull's six full page pictures show all of this artist's accustomed admirable quality, and the heading, tail-pieces, end papers and cover are his also, and they give the book a finishing attraction. L. C. Page & Co.

Three lively and diverting books for boys come in a bunch from the press of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. "Larry Burke, Freshman," by Frank I. Odelle is a rollicking story of college life, crowded with baseball, football, hockey, basket-ball, a regatta and track and field events, and pervaded by a somewhat easy philosophy as to the serious responsibilities of life. "Winning the Eagle Prize," by Norman Brainerd, is a tale of boys' boarding school life, the second of the "Five Chums Series," and it has for its central figure a boy who is not only an athlete but has some ambition to distinguish himself as a student. "Tim and Roy in Camp," by Frank Pendleton, is a story of real hunting and real camping on the plains, with a sufficient rapidity of movement and a

g  
r  
c  
d  
s  
H  
w  
er  
fe  
st  
fa  
me  
wi  
syn  
unl  
reg  
in t  
of t  
mos  
Aga  
moa  
inter  
seem  
of e  
Mr. I  
migh  
case  
word.  
preju  
tellige  
makes  
Samoa  
inform



sufficient variety of stirring incident to keep any boy awake until he reaches the final chapter. All three books are illustrated. From the same publishers come two books for small girl readers, "Dorothy Dainty's Winter" by Amy Brooks and "The Other Sylvia" by Nina Rhoades. Each of these is the ninth in the series to which it belongs, a fact which attests the author's skill in maintaining a continuous interest in her small heroines. Lively, vivacious, and wholesome, they are well calculated to appeal to the small-girl imagination.

A few years ago when men of letters great and small were vying with one another in expressing the sense of loss caused by the death of Stevenson, in defining his genius, and finding terms sufficiently exalted for its praise, Mr. H. J. Moors's "Stevenson in Samoa" would have been overlooked, and literature and its lovers would have suffered actual loss. Mr. Moors, the storekeeper in Samoa, a man of affairs, to whom reading was an amusement and nothing more, saw Stevenson with a vision clear indeed, and in time sympathetic through affection, but quite unlike that bent upon him by those who regard literature as the first thing in the world, and still more unlike that of those worshipping Stevenson as a most devoted practitioner of literature. Again, to those unacquainted with Samoa Stevenson's advocacy of the island interests, his plunge into island politics seemed either a mere freak or an act of extraordinary benevolence, but to Mr. Moors it is hardly more than what might be expected from any man in the case of his adopted country. In a word, he saw Stevenson with the unprejudiced all-inclusive vision of an intelligent child, and like a child he makes unexpected revelations. In Samoan matters he is naturally better informed than writers who knew the

island only through Stevenson, and in many matters better informed than members of the novelist's family, and students of Samoan history cannot afford to neglect him. He writes clearly, pleasantly, modestly, with an eye single to explaining Stevenson and Samoa. The volume is illustrated by many interesting portraits and views and contains some new pictures of "R. L. S." Small, Maynard & Co.

In "The Meaning of Money," by Hartley Withers, the author begins with the days when the currency was on the hoof, and was passed from man to man in flocks and herds, and shows the changes wrought by coinage, paper money, bills of exchange, and the gradual rise of the usages now prevalent in various countries. Such terms as market rate and bank rate, and gold reserve; the importance of the Bank of England, the unseen but powerful current of gold, and the connection between finance and politics, and finance and trade, are also explained and the reader not actually engaged in business will find himself sufficiently well informed long before he reaches the last page. It is hardly possible to introduce such a volume into the already crowded school courses of study, but boys who intend to enter business, and girls who mean to teach history should try to master the book. It would guard the boy against loss of money and reputation, and guard the financial world against that mischievous fright which makes every bank depositor a possible menace to the public good whensoever the bank's credit is doubted. The book has quickly passed through three English editions. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Whatsoever glory may have accrued to the name of England in the Tudor or Stuart or Brunswick days, the consciousness of that glory, the omnipresence of its wonderful memories, seems to be almost contemporaneous

with the accession of the Coburgs. Flashes of it illumine Victorian prose, and more rarely shine on Victorian verse even in Crimean and Indian mutiny days, and Disraeli and Tennyson now and then lighted a torch in its honor, and Mr. Kipling had much to say of it in the days of the Widow crowned and sceptered; but only within the last ten years have such books as Mr. Arthur Granville Bradley's "The Avon and Shakespeare's Country" been published, and now there is a goodly group of excellent writers producing literature perfectly adapted to intensify English patriotism in the heart of every English reader. American writers accomplish wonders with the story of three centuries, eked out by attenuated Spanish, French, English and even Aztec and Indian patches; the Englishman telling the story of an English acre is at a loss for space and time rather than for material too precious to be willingly discarded. An American to whom the Fates do not grant to see England may, as far as Shakespeare's country is concerned, perfectly content himself with mastering Mr. Bradley's book, its stories, legends, glimpses of national history and rural life, its discussion of present economical and agricultural conditions and its bitter condemnation of the city-bred selfishness which destroys the prosperity of the small fruit grower with road-dust. As to Mr. A. E. Quinton's thirty pictures they would make a fine book of themselves, and would make so good wall decorations that, as the text does not really need them, it is to be feared that some Shakespeare enthusiast will frame them to decorate his library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Native-Born" is not, as its title suggests, an Australian story, but a tale of a Eurasian reared as an Indian prince, but in spite of the precau-

tions taken by his supposed father, strongly disposed to admiration of the English, and disposed to accept them as models in behavior and policy. Published in England in June, under the title of "The Rajah's People," it is now in its seventh edition, partly, without doubt, because of the rumors of disorder among the Hindus, partly because Lord Morley's unprecedented treatment of the Viceroy fixes attention upon everything in any way connected with British India. The author, "I. A. R. Wylie," figures on the same page of the London advertisements of her two books, "The Rajah's People" and "My German Summer" as Mr. and Miss Wylie, and the American publishers have still further complicated the matter by four times introducing a second "I" into the name printed on the cover and jacket of the book, although it stands correctly on the title page. The Rajah loves a very beautiful Irish adventuress whose motives in seeking his acquaintance are purely mercenary, but his character is so noble that the contemplation of it reforms her and wins her heart, even while she supposes him to be a Hindu. When she discovers that he has white blood both she and he see that the white men are really his people, and the two are left preparing to be happy ever after. A girl supposed to be white is shown to be Eurasian also and is left betrothed to an English officer to the apparent contentment of his comrades and friends, but in spite of these patent absurdities the descriptions of Indian interiors are impressive; the story of the Prince's earnest attempt and failure to reform his realm is exceedingly interesting, and the plain statements as to the position of the English in India ought to go far towards correcting that sentimentalism which tries to see the Bengali as an American Boy of '76. Bobbs-Merrill Company.